

The Outlook

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HAS GERMANY REALLY CAPITULATED?

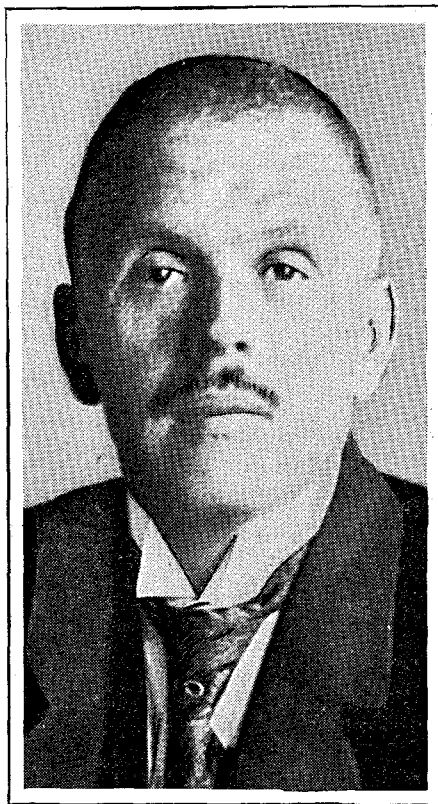
GERMANY'S policy of evasion is now bringing upon her its inevitable consequences. Like a spendthrift who in his attempt to avoid the discomfort of keeping within his income lets his debts accumulate until the day of reckoning finds him in penury and virtual slavery to his creditors, Germany has come to the point where she must face her own financial, economic, and moral bankruptcy. She was bound to reach that point some time. It was only a question of what time. Now President Ebert and Chancellor Stresemann have virtually acknowledged that the time has come.

Germany's paper money is worthless, and those of her people whose resources were intrusted to the Government in exchange for money are penniless. "The funds in aid of the Ruhr and the Rhineland," say Ebert and Stresemann in their proclamation, issued in the last week of September, "reached the sum of 3,500,000,000,000,000 marks, and an expenditure of at least double that amount was foreseen for the present week." Has human folly even in Russia ever been more clearly expressed in figures? The method in Germany's madness is to be discovered in the fact that by destroying its own currency the German Government has wiped out its internal debt. In place of that debt, however, the German Government has created a mass of impoverished people, largely of the professional classes, and a multitude of undernourished children—a bad exchange. In addition it has created a group of powerful and enormously wealthy industrial magnates and a class of discontented and ill-paid laborers. By its resistance, called passive, it has not in the slightest degree removed the necessity for coming to terms with those to whom it owes damages for wicked and wanton injuries.

Germany's recklessness since the Armistice has been matched only by recklessness during the war. She did not come to her senses with the failure of her military policy; it is not clear at all that she has come to her senses now with the failure of her policy of evasion. All that the German Govern-

ment so far has done has been to acknowledge that the Germans are, to quote the Government's proclamation, "faced with the dire necessity of relinquishing the struggle." Ebert and Stresemann call upon the Germans to stand together to prevent the dismemberment of the German Empire, or Reich.

What has happened is what the French have expected. They have



(C) Underwood

DR. GESSLER, MILITARY DICTATOR OF GERMANY

seen, as any one not blinded by emotion might see, that Germany's course was sure to come to a violent end. They have simply waited. They knew they could wait as long as the Germans, and, to use their own phrase, "fifteen minutes longer." They knew very well that the so-called passive resistance in the Ruhr was engineered from Berlin and was by no means, as some sentimentalists have imagined it, an exhibition of Christian resignation. Ebert and Stresemann's proclamation is an acknowledgment of this, for it is a notice from Berlin to the people of the Ruhr that the policy of passive resistance has now been abandoned.

Premier Poincaré, however, is not

under the illusion that this is a final victory. The French Government has made no promises about withdrawing the troops except as reparations are actually paid. There is therefore no reason to believe that the French will reduce in the slightest their pressure in the Ruhr. Until permanent arrangements can be made Germany's good faith can be shown only by the resumption of work in the Ruhr under French and Belgian direction and the payment to the Reparation Commission of taxes on exports of Ruhr manufacturers, and other proofs of co-operation with the French and the Belgians. Such co-operation would be undoubtedly humiliating now; but Germany's humiliation has been self-imposed.

IS GERMANY DISINTEGRATING?

ANTICIPATING the Central Government's abandonment of passive resistance to the French, nationalists in various parts of Germany had been preparing revolts of protest. In Bavaria especially so-called patriotic leagues have been active. The object of these leagues in Bavaria was to restore the Bavarian monarchy with the hope that ultimately the Wittelsbachs might succeed the Hohenzollerns as the dominant dynasty of the Reich. Knowing very well that the proclamation from Berlin would be a signal for revolt, the Bavarian Government made the former Bavarian Prime Minister, von Kahr, virtual dictator with the title of General Commissioner of Bavaria. As dictator he can call out the troops, arrest any one, keep prisoners without trial, and seize property.

Although the events in Bavaria were not designed to break up the Reich, the natural effect of these events would be to weaken the Central Government at Berlin. Consequently, the Berlin Government the very next day set up the German Minister of National Defense, Dr. Gessler, as a super-dictator.

Obviously, the purpose of the creation of a general German dictator is mainly to preserve the prestige of the Central Government. Under Gessler the Reichswehr commanders throughout the country are, so to speak, sub-dictators, and the Reichswehr comman-

der in Bavaria therefore has a position of authority, nominally at least, even greater than von Kahr's. In this situation there is this curious anomaly—that the monarchists who wish to set up a dynasty for all of Germany are raising revolts, or what amount to revolts, in various parts of Germany against the existing Central Government, and thus promoting disintegration, at least temporarily. One of these revolts occurred in Küstrin, not far from Berlin; but the censorship has been so strict that little news of its result could be learned. In Düsseldorf, where French forces are in control, there was on the last day of September, a Sunday, a demonstration in favor of a separate Rhineland republic. Reports of what happened differ materially. One observer, obviously in sympathy with Prussian rule in the Rhineland, reported to the London "Times" that the trouble began by aggression on the part of the Separatists against the Prussian police, one of whom at least was killed by flogging. Other reports attribute the disturbance consequent from the demonstration to the brutal action of the police. There was shooting, at any rate, which resulted in many casualties. The dead are variously estimated from a score or so to three hundred. The French did not interfere until the disorder became so violent as to call for the presence of the military. Incidentally, the Communists took part in the rioting and practically the only participants in the disorder were Germans.

There are observers in Germany who think that there is no sign yet of the break-up of the Reich. It is hard to see how the Reich can be preserved, however, if the German Government does not either, on the one hand, desperately declare a state of war against France and thus try to maintain unity by appealing to a common patriotism, or, on the other hand, come without too great delay to an agreement with France.

A SUDDEN DECISION

IF it were the purpose of the Council of Ambassadors to show that in no other way could so prompt a decision as to an international dispute be obtained as by submitting the matter directly to the official representatives of the large nations in council, the sudden verdict in the case of Italy versus Greece would go far to sustain that claim. Events moved swiftly. Before the world at large had really become acquainted with the facts in

detail the Ambassadors decided that Greece was to be held responsible for the assassination of the Italian delegates, members of the mission which was sent out to delimit the boundary line between Greece and Albania. The Ambassadors were led to this certainly prompt, and certainly also decisive, conclusion by the fact that the assassination took place in Greek territory, and presumably also by the fact that there was really no political motive or strong hatred that would lead Albanians to commit this murder.

To clinch its decision the Council of Ambassadors directed that the 50,000,000 lire (a little over \$2,000,000 in gold value) deposited by Greece to secure a payment of any reparations assessed against it should be at once handed over to Italy. Thereupon Italy evacuated Corfu, although she left vessels of war in the island's harbor. Contrary to a report which was published in *The Outlook*, Italy occupied no other territory than that of Corfu.

No one supposes that the Government of Greece planned or authorized this assassination, but there are a good many circumstances indicating that the deed was committed by violent and angry Greek subjects.

Thus, in all probability, ends an extremely disagreeable international incident. The most lamentable thing about this incident is that a comparatively strong country like Italy should think it necessary, in order to secure just reparation, to open fire from her ships on a perfectly harmless island which possessed practically no means of defense and to destroy the lives of some score of persons not in the least concerned with the quarrel between Greece and Italy.

On the other hand, in the Fiume dispute it is gratifying that Italy has refrained from precipitate or violent action and that the complicated interests involved in the Fiume question bid fair to be adjusted by conference and compromise, as they should be.

"A DEMOCRACY OF INDUSTRY"

IT is significant to find in the report of the American Federation of Labor's Executive Council, made to the Federation's annual Convention at Portland, Oregon, a strong plea for "enlightened participation in a democracy of industry." We believe that the late Editor-in-Chief of *The Outlook*, Dr. Lyman Abbott, was one of the first, if not the first, to use the phrase "industrial democracy," and this journal has long contended for the idea and economic principle involved in

those words. Now we find a ruling committee of organized labor's host using almost the same phrase and defining its meaning to accord with those who believe in industrial democracy.

Hitherto it has been the worst feature of organized labor in general and of the Federation in particular that they were self-contained. They worked forcefully for the material welfare of their own members—higher wages, better hours, good working conditions, the right of collective bargaining. But they all but ignored the welfare of non-organized workers, of the consumer, of the farmer, and of the country at large.

This report may well prove a memorable document in the history of American industry. For it not only proclaims a wider conception of what should be the aims of the unions, but defines its meaning generally and specifically. Thus it calls for "the enfranchisement of the producer as such, the rescue of industry from chaos, profiteering, and purely individual whim, including individual incapacity, and the rescue of industry also from the domination of incompetent political bodies."

To this end the report urges the industrial organization of all wage-earners and all productive elements; it declares a purpose to go beyond questions of wages, a purpose it describes as "broader, nobler, and filled with deeper meaning," and it declares that "industry must organize to govern itself, to impose upon itself tasks and rules to bring order into its own house. Industry must bring order to itself constructively, or it will have an order thrust upon it which would be demoralizing if not fatal. Our people cannot live and thrive under the régime of bureaucracy that threatens unless industry solves its own problems."

Specifically the report stands for a child labor amendment, for keeping clear of Fascisti and Ku Klux movements as hostile to organized government and therefore to organized industry, for limiting the power of the United States Supreme Court, for such a treatment of immigration as would decide between the greed of unfair employers and the self-preservation of our people, for non-partisanship in politics, and for other individual policies, in some of which *The Outlook* would agree, in others the reverse.

The notable point is that all through the report is evidence of a sincere purpose that in specific problems as well as in general attitude industry should

"UNDER WHOSE GOVERNMENT COME THEY ALONG?"

(First Part of Henry IV, Act IV, Scene 1)

Berryman in the Washington Evening Star



"THE HELPING HAND," AFTER THE PAINTING BY RENOUF

From Mrs. M. E. Sabin, Washington, D. C.

Knott in the Dallas Morning News



COMING DOWN GRADUALLY

From Joe K. Smith, Palestine, Texas

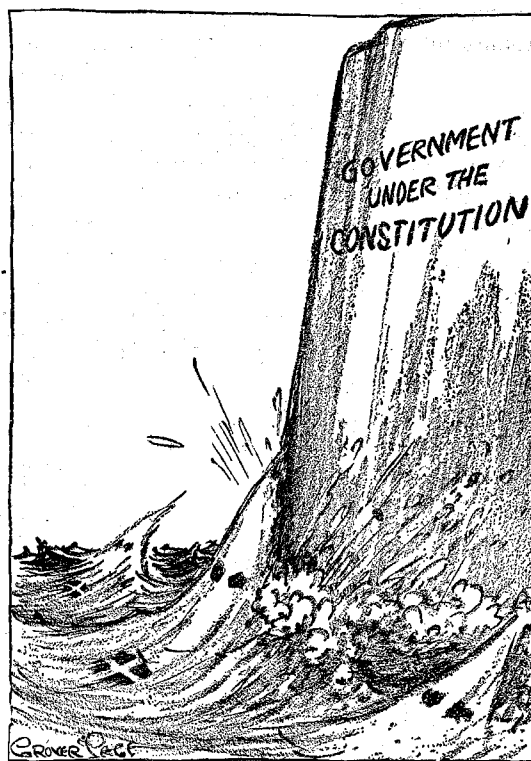
Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



MILITARY OR MASKED GOVERNMENT?

From Julie Koch, St. Louis, Mo.

Grover Page in the Louisville Courier-Journal



IMPOTENT WHITE CAPS

From Frances E. Ford, Lebanon, Ky.

"begin in truth an era of service, rational, natural development and productivity unmatched by past achievement or fancy."

GOOD FAITH WINS OUT

THE strike of the pressmen of the New York dailies has been practically defeated. The pressmen lost because the leaders of the International Union, as well as their employers, were convinced that the pressmen, as an organization, had acted in bad faith. The unanimity of opinion against the striking pressmen was shown by the fact that Major George L. Berry, President of the International Printing Pressmen's Union, was able to draw union men to New York to act as strike-breakers. The views of organized labor are expressed in a striking telegram sent to Major Berry by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor:

The unwarranted course pursued by Printing Pressmen's Local 25 is published in every issue of every newspaper which I have seen, and it is a fair presumption that it is published all over the country. Their action is criticised and condemned not only by the press and the public but also by the men who have devoted their lives to the cause of labor.

If plighted faith of organized labor is given to an agreement with employers, or if while negotiations to reach an agreement are pending the members enter upon a strike, how can we expect any agreements to be reached between organized labor and employers?

Unless the pressmen redeem themselves from this awful blunder, you are justified in resorting to every means within your power to keep the faith, to uphold the good name of your organization and the good will of employers who may want to maintain beneficial contractual relations with the union. In this, your effort and manifest duty, all organized labor and a fair minded public will sustain you.

The striking pressmen who went back to work were forced to take out cards in a new local union, their old local having been dissolved by order of the International President.

A STATE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF

TUESDAY, October 2, was the critical day in the controversy between Governor Walton, of Oklahoma, and those who opposed the recent drastic and martial measures taken by the Governor in the controversies which have partly grown out of Ku Klux Klan activities in the State, but which also apparently partly spring from

political and factional enmities not directly concerned with the Ku Klux question.

Despite the warlike headlines of the despatches from Oklahoma, the indications on the morning of that day were that those who claimed a right to vote at the polls would not be prevented by force of arms. Governor Walton on the eve of the election denied that he proposed to use the National Guard to prevent its taking place and called on all citizens of the State to preserve the peace. At the same time he remarked, as reported: "If the majority of the people want to amend their Constitution so as to enable Ku Klux Klan members of the Legislature to impeach their Governor and thereby remove all legal restraint on the lawlessness of the Klan, then I submit I don't want to be Governor and will advise that we

acknowledge the sovereignty of the Invisible Empire."

The State Supreme Court had already pronounced the election legal, and, with this in view, it certainly would seem to outsiders that the matter belongs to the realm of the courts, and that the blustering talk on both sides of shooting and killing could result in nothing but injury to the good name of the State.

The Governor, however, at one critical juncture did use the National Guard to carry his point. Through its officers he prevented the assembly of a considerable body of members of the lower house who had met at the Capitol in response to a call for a special session issued by some of the members. Governor Walton held that such a session of the Assembly was illegal and unconstitutional. On that occa-



International
PAPYRUS, WINNER OF THE ENGLISH DERBY, ARRIVES IN AMERICA ON CONQUEST BENT

tion no violence ensued. Then followed an effort to make it indisputably equal for the Legislature to gather in special session at its own initiative. This was through the use of a referendum. As we understand it, a special referendum vote had been fixed for October 2, and by it two or three matters not concerned with the present controversy were to be submitted. The opponents of Governor Walton through what is called initiated action—that is, by submission of petitions to the State Board of Elections—added to these referendum measures a new one which would give the Legislature the power to assemble in special session without the call of the Governor. On the other side, Governor Walton declared this new referendum action to be totally illegal. What the result of the election was will be known to our readers before these lines are read.

Oklahoma seems to be going through a stage of agitation and ebullition somewhat like that which preceded it in Texas. In both States repeated whippings and kidnappings of individuals regarded by the Ku Klux Klan as vicious or undesirable grew to such an extent that the "Invisible Empire" broke down, at least so far as such manifestations were concerned, of its own weight. How far in either State the question of "direct action" by secret societies as a substitute for law and order has penetrated into State politics is doubtful, but probably both political and personal jealousies and antagonisms are involved.

A FOUR-FOOTED AMBASSADOR

PROBABLY England has never sent us a more English ambassador than the four-footed aristocrat who is shown in our illustration in the act of landing upon American soil. Horse-racing in Great Britain has a much greater hold upon the populace than it has ever achieved in the United States, and the crowning event of the English racing year is the Derby. And it is the winner of this race who is now to be matched with an American thoroughbred, not yet selected.

Papyrus is owned by a tenant farmer who trains only one other horse, and his victory in the Derby this past year was immensely popular for this reason. It was also popular because Papyrus carried with him not only the sentiment, but the cash of the people. We wonder what effect his victory, or his defeat, on an American track will have on Anglo-American relations?

PREPARING THE WAY FOR PEACE

AT last, five years late, the world is finding its way to a peace with justice. It was on its way in 1918, but it was diverted. For five years it has been at school learning the lesson that without victory there can be no peace. It has not yet learned that lesson very well. There are still in places of authority people who would try to teach ways of getting peace by compromise between irreconcilables; but such teachers now lack the prestige they once had. The world has tried many expedients, but it has found nothing that it can substitute for justice and right.

Perhaps as a result of the last five years the vain hopes of those who have attempted to evade just obligations will have been so stimulated that there will be more turmoil, more distress, than we have yet known; but the way to peace is open.

For this the world should be grateful to France. Alone among nations France has insisted that those who have despoiled their neighbors in an attempt to cripple them shall not escape the consequences of their acts. Probably France might have obtained more money and more trade if she had been less concerned about justice, though we doubt it; but France has reason to know that there are things worth more in this world than trade or the things that trade produces. France understands that trade is less important than neighborliness and that there cannot be neighborliness based on injustice.

France has done this without the help of friends. It is not that France has lacked friends, but that she has had no help from them. She has received warnings from them and has disregarded those warnings. She has taken risks which others have not cared to share. She has not only had no encouragement from her friends, but she has had to see encouragement from her friends given to her oppressor. Indeed, she has come near to sacrificing some of her friends. While she pursued her course she had to face the loss of the Anglo-French Entente. But she has held out, and now she has her reward. Prime Minister Baldwin, seeing the success of the French policy in forcing Germany to abandon her struggle, has announced that the Anglo-French Entente is restored. But badly as France has been served by her friends, she has not been so badly served as Germany; for Ger-

many's friends have been free with bad advice and nothing else. They have encouraged her in holding out to the catastrophic end and then, deploring the consequences, have found it better on the whole to remain on the side of victory.

France has now given the world a second chance for peace. The first thing that America and Britain should do now is what they ought to have done five years ago. They should unite with France in making clear to Germany that the only surrender that will be satisfactory is an unconditional surrender. There can be no peace with justice without victory.

THE POWER OF THE PURSE

WHEN the problem is put into this concrete form, it becomes clear that in any conflict with his theoretical 'equal and partner' the Legislature, the Chief Executive, in the last analysis, dominates the government. The doctrine of the equality and independence of the three branches of the government, however valuable in the day of Montesquieu and Madison, becomes a mere abstraction, an empty phrase without substance, in the practical operation of our government to-day." So on another page of this issue writes Mr. David E. Lilienthal in his most suggestive analysis of the relative powers of the three branches of our government, and he makes out an excellent case for the practical dominance of the executive.

There is one thing, however, which we think that he ignores, a thing which caused considerable difficulty for certain kings of England. In his statement Mr. Lilienthal does not mention the power of the purse, a power which, unless our form of government undergoes an absolute revolution, still lies with the legislature. In a battle *à l'outrance* between legislature and governor, the governor can keep the whip-hand just as long as his funds hold out. Without a complete overturn of our governmental system, however, he will find in time that he cannot maintain his power without recourse to the legislature for grants of money. The power of the purse changed England from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy. The power of the purse is an equally effective weapon for use against any American monarchs that may arise.

In a conflict of this kind the power in our Government would ultimately

be taken out of the realm of legal dispute and revert to the source from which it sprang, the American people.

TEACHERS AND PH.D.'S

IN contrast to the familiar complaint that college professors are cruelly overworked and underpaid, we find in a recent article in the "Christian Science Monitor" the statement: "We have paid high salaries to men who are required to give only two hours a day to instructing students, that they (the professors) may have leisure for research and for writing books." Worse yet, these men are not good instructors, were not chosen "because they could best teach young people to become finer young men and women." They were chosen, the writer asserts, because they were Ph.D.'s and wrote books, and he continues:

The fault of young America is not in young America; it is in old America. We have grown so far from youth, shut up in offices, in laboratories, and in literary booths with our noses in dusty volumes, that we no longer know what is worth while. We don't know truth, don't know life, and therefore we don't know youth.

An instructor hardly dares to help his students, this critic declares, for the professor who shows real interest in his charges is often looked upon with suspicion. Deans are insisting upon "productive scholars" in their faculties, and "pure teachers" cannot keep the pace.

The article is noteworthy because it presents a more or less common attitude and a modicum of truth. But the insistence that two years of graduate work and a tendency to write books must almost invariably disqualify a man or woman for teaching seems a bit naïve, to say the least. Also, it would seem hardly significant to classify college instructors on a basis of "pure teachers" and Ph.D.'s. There are dry-as-dust doctors, of course, but it would be difficult to prove that their degrees have made them so. There are men without the doctorate who are just as remote from youth and often more remote from truth. "Knowing life" is an easy phrase that may mean almost anything, but the man who really knows and loves books could hardly, because of that, be called ignorant of life and youth.

The point is that a truly productive scholar usually has a live interest in his subject. And if he actually cares enough about it to write books that will be a credit to his scholarship he is likely to enjoy teaching the thing

that he knows exhaustively. He is likely to arouse the kind of enthusiasm in young people that will send them on an eager quest for truth. In recognition of these things, college executives may have overstressed the books, the research, the doctor's degree and what it is supposed to stand for. They have doubtless failed to recognize always the teaching power of the man or woman without these tangible evidences of achievement.

It is true that too many Ph.D.'s achieve only dry forms, poor imitations of better things. But by no means all "grinds grown up" as productive scholars on college faculties rank below "pure teachers."

Question almost any serious, honest student in any university, and you will find him most enthusiastic about the professor who has won scholarly distinction, who knows his subject and cares about it, whether he is a Ph.D. or not. And cases are manifold in which the classes of such research scholars are alive with interest. Any one who has felt the eager humanity of such a teacher as Madame Curie, for instance, will appreciate the fact that being shut in a laboratory did not deprive her of the power to inspire, to teach, and to feel something very vital and compelling about life and truth.

A less conspicuous example is John Erskine, of Columbia, a Ph.D. who writes books and yet finds time to direct and encourage every year a group of young men who want to write poetry and who meet with their instructor and read their poems and talk

about them. Not for college credit but just for the sake of youth and truth. In the smaller institutions there are earnest Ph.D.'s who give freely of their time outside of class periods to coach dramatic clubs and debating teams, to teach art appreciation, to help students who want to write. The tendency to vitalize classroom work, to relate it to the actual endeavor of youth, is growing. In this connection we find Dr. Erskine saying to English teachers:

Let us concentrate on literature and disregard the unnecessary array of lives, dates, and other irrelevant material that now encumbers the curriculum. Do not harp upon important characteristics of authors. Every boy and girl has an instinctive sense of art that is often ruined by the relentless realism of the course of instruction.

Doubtless there is much to be done in the way of humanizing college courses. Too much old-fashioned technique encumbers the modern classroom. But the remedy is a matter of reforming scholarship, not merely decrying it. The real scholar should be able to help young people toward a liking for laboratories and volumes, dusty or otherwise. And do not "pure teachers" in the natural course of their preparation and instructing do much research work that might logically be directed toward a degree and given due recognition? May not many of them have things to say that are worth publishing? There should be no real ground for antagonism between scholarship and instruction.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

SEPTEMBER sixteenth was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the most accomplished, unusual, and engaging of American men of letters—Francis Parkman. Well bred, well traveled, and well read, he was nevertheless a whole-hearted American. I say nevertheless because the Harvard of his day—he was graduated in 1844—was thought sometimes to be the breeding-place of some rather exclusive not to say supercilious "monocrats," to use Thomas Jefferson's epithet for the New England aristocracy.

By taste and heredity Parkman was an explorer and lover of the open; the life of the pioneer, the frontiersman, and the Indian deeply interested him. But by misfortune he was a semi-

invalid most of his life. The resultant of these two forces was a small group of books which will give him enduring fame as an American historian. His patience, his persistence, his stoical courage, his human sympathy, his taste, his modesty, are delightful to read of, and must have made him a man delightful to know and talk with. When he was twenty-three years old he made an adventurous trip across the plains into the Black Hills and to the edge of the Rocky Mountains when that country was a wilderness inhabited by Indians. The privations and exertions of this exploration broke his health, but gave to American literature one of its absorbing narratives of Indian and frontier life. "The Oregon Trail" is as readable as any

Wild West novel by Jack London or Rex Beach, and has the additional merit of historical and ethnological accuracy.

I do not know how much the present generation reads Parkman, but he made a great impression upon the "red-blooded, he-men" of the 'eighties. When Theodore Roosevelt, at twenty-nine years of age, was finishing his "Winning of the West" he wrote Parkman the following letter:

Oyster Bay, Long Island,
April 23d, '88.

My Dear Sir:

I suppose that every American who cares at all for the history of his own country feels a certain personal pride in your work—it is as if Motley had written about American instead of European subjects, and so was doubly our own; but those of us who have a taste for history, and yet have spent much of our time on the frontier, perhaps realize more keenly than our fellows that your works stand alone, and that they must be models for all historical treatment of the founding of new communities and the growth of the frontier here in the wilderness. This—even more than the many pleasant hours I owe you—must be my excuse for writing.

I am engaged on a work ["The Winning of the West"] of which the first part treats of the extension of our frontier westward and southwestward during the twenty-odd years from 1774 to 1796. . . .

I should like to dedicate this to you. Of course I know that you would not wish your name to be connected, even in the most indirect way, with any but good work; and I can only say that I will do my best to make the work creditable.

Yours very truly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I will do the best to make the work creditable! What an admirable motto for the average man! And most of us are simply average men. Indeed, Roosevelt himself once said to the undergraduates of the University of Cambridge, during his memorable trip in England in 1910, that he himself was an average man and that any success that he may have made in life was due to the fact that he had constantly striven to develop the ordinary qualities of manhood to their highest attainable excellence. This must have been also Parkman's philosophy of life and work, for he describes modestly, in the third person, how, when he was writing his immortal "Conspiracy of Pontiac," he struggled with ill health and loss of eyesight. Here is the story in his own words:

In 1848, when he was twenty-five years old, his physician condemned as dangerous to his life his plan of sustained work in writing "The Con-



Francis Parkman

spiracy of Pontiac," the material for which he had already laboriously collected. The difficulties were threefold: an extreme weakness of sight, disabling him from writing his name except with eyes closed; a condition of the brain prohibiting fixed attention except at occasional brief intervals; and an exhaustion and total derangement of the nervous system, producing of necessity a mood of mind most unfavorable to effort. To be made with impunity, the attempt must be made with the most watchful caution.

He caused a wooden frame to be constructed of the size and shape of a sheet of letter-paper. Stout wires were fixed horizontally across it, half an inch apart, and a movable back of thick pasteboard fitted behind them. The paper for writing was placed between the pasteboard and the wires, guided by which, and using a black lead crayon, he could write not illegibly with closed eyes. He was at the time absent from home, on Staten Island, where, and in the neighboring city of New York, he had friends who willingly offered their aid. It is needless to say to which half of humanity nearly all these kind assistants belonged. [A gallant tribute to the helpful sympathy of the heart of woman.] He chose for a beginning that part of the work which offered fewest difficulties, and with the subject of which he was most familiar, namely, the Siege of Detroit. The books and documents, already partially arranged, were procured from Boston, and read to him at such times as he could listen to them; the length of each

reading never, without injury, much exceeding half an hour, and periods of several days frequently occurring during which he could not listen at all. Notes were made by him with closed eyes, and afterward deciphered and read to him until he had mastered them. For the first half-year the rate of composition averaged about six lines a day.

This simple but eloquent revelation of resolute courage in overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles was not made public until after Parkman's death, more than forty years later. If there is any passage in the history of letters more redolent of modesty and determination, I do not know where it is to be found. The great Indian chief Pontiac was evidently a favorite of Parkman's. In a beautifully written characterization of this great chief, which occurs in the first volume of the "Conspiracy," there will be found this sentence: "Courage, resolution, address, and eloquence are sure passports to distinction." In writing this, without in the least intending to do so, Parkman wrote his own passport to fame.

"The Conspiracy of Pontiac" appeared in 1851, and it was fourteen years before Parkman was able to produce the next of his historical series. In this period of abject invalidism he amused himself by working in his garden cultivating roses. Much of this gardening was done in a wheel-chair in which he trundled himself about from bed to bed and plant to plant with a sickle and a trowel in his hands. His health improved later, and he made several trips to Europe in search of documentary material for his histories. Although an invalid, he was never a hypochondriac. Indeed, John Fiske, who described the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" as "one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that has ever been written by any historian since the days of Herodotus," and who was familiar with Parkman as a fellow-member of the famous Saturday Club of Boston, which met for dinner once a month, never knew that he was an invalid. Fiske says of Parkman: "He never made the slightest allusion to his ill health; he would probably have deemed it inconsistent with good breeding to intrude upon his friends with such topics, and his appearance was always most cheerful."

Art, however, is not to be judged by the patience, courage, or modesty of the artist. It has its own standards. And judged by these standards, aside from any consideration of his remarkable character and personality,

Parkman was a great artist. In style, in his power of narration, in his capacity to assimilate facts and place them in their right relationships, he is one of the very foremost of his-

torians. More than one historical writer who has achieved great popularity among his contemporaries has faded into obscurity with the lapse of time. Parkman's reputation among

men of taste and men of letters grows instead of diminishing. He not only shed light upon the origins of his country, but added luster to its literary reputation.

A SPANISH MUSSOLINI

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

Poor old Spain! Like a weather-beaten football, she has been more or less kicked around. Can it be that, at last, the Spanish people are going to get something out of the game? Surely a general Latin renaissance cannot leave Spain untouched.

In the manifestation of new power, Spain has followed Italy rather than France. Representative rule has had a setback, and military government is on top.

Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, fifty years old, is the youngest lieutenant-general in the Spanish army. As Marqués de Estella, he is also Grandee of Spain. He is a man of independent means. His reputation as a soldier stands high. He took part in the Cuban, Philippine, and Moroccan campaigns. During the World War he was apparently pro-Ally. Since then he has been Military Governor of Cadiz, and while there had the moral courage openly to advocate a withdrawal from Morocco. Had his advice been followed, the present crisis might not have arisen, at least at this early date, for most observers hardly expected any overturn so soon.

It arose in the province of Catalonia, on the southern French border. Catalonia has long been separatist from the rest of Spain, as the Catalan language differs from the Spanish. The Separatist movement, however, is as sharply to be distinguished from what has just happened as is the Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist movement, whose center has been at Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia. The Basques, that other independently inclined race also living along the Pyrenees, would, with the Catalans, have gladly acclaimed Rivera's help. But he would none of them either. His movement was to unite, not to dis-unite, Spaniards.

Successive Cabinets and the Cortes, or Parliament, had shown increasing incapacity to govern. They had not been able to check the cost of living. They had not been able to check Government graft. They had not been able to check brigandage—not even the episcopal robes of a great prelate protecting him from murder. There was discontent among the people.

There was discontent in the army. It had been recently accentuated by the Government's pardon of a corporal

sentenced to death for killing an officer during the Malaga mutiny. But the army had long been restive, owing to the failure of the Moroccan war—that is, in that part of Morocco occupied by Spain ever since she chased the Moors from Spain and actually followed them across the Straits of Gibraltar and expelled them from their own *presidios*, or strongholds, in the Rif, that stern, mountainous part of Morocco along the Mediterranean coast. It has always been hard for Spain to hold this region—ideal for guerrilla warfare and almost unknown to travelers—and of late the whole Spanish army has made humiliatingly little impress on the half-savage tribes—a contrast to French success elsewhere in Morocco. The latest Spanish defeat was the last straw. Soldiers and civilians alike then demanded either the surrender of the Rif or new military strategy.

A Liberal ministry brought no greater satisfaction than had its Conservative predecessor; it simply trebled the campaign expenses, replaced economical ministers by spendthrifts, nominated an investigating commission, and then caused the adjournment of the subservient Cortes.

Such proceedings played right into the hands of the military reformists, as well as into the hands of the Separatists and Socialists, both for the moment at one with the military reformists on this issue. The people as a whole said to the soldiers: "If you can get us a better Government than the peculating civilians have done, go ahead."

Indeed, it seemed the only way, for what civilian politician could now hold office without being constantly faced with the menace of irresponsible and yet popularly backed military power?

So General Primo de Rivera, now what the Spanish call "capitán general de Cataluña," or, as we would translate, Military Governor of Catalonia, having already arranged with army officers in various regions of Spain for a rising at his signal, issued it at Barcelona in the form of a rough-and-ready pronunciamiento. In a homely way he told some well-known truths concerning the "politic immoralities, which began in 1898 [the year of our Spanish war] and now threaten Spain with a tragic and dishonorable end."

He declared that he would put down the political mighty from their seats and give to Spain, instead, the only Government now capable of restoring order, inducing economy, and establishing justice.

All this at 2 A.M. September 13! With some exchange of shots, but wonderful to relate, without shedding a drop of blood, General de Rivera took control of the civil offices.

The next morning, as he was playing polo at Biarritz, the news of this came to the King. He hurried across the border to Madrid, rang up Barcelona, and, in his characteristically pleasant manner, asked General de Rivera to come over for a talk.

Meanwhile, the Cabinet, after a few flighty, mock motions, resigned.

Rivera arrived in Madrid. Like Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, so Alfonso XIII, to avoid a certain and bloody revolt, asked the revolutionary leader to form a new Ministry. Rivera promptly accepted, and formed a Cabinet with himself as the one responsible Minister! To save appearances, however, he appointed a "Directorio Provisional" or Directory of eight generals and one admiral, representing the chief Spanish territorial districts, to exercise executive power until civilians who really represented the country should take hold. He did, nevertheless, continue in its functions the Ministry of War—appointing General Luis Aizpuru as the new High Commissioner of Spanish Morocco—and also the Foreign Office, appointing as chief the former Under Secretary, Señor Espinosa. The first function of the new Foreign Minister was with America, our energetic Ambassador being the first diplomat to do business with the new Government, the subject under discussion being a prorogation of the Spanish-American Commercial Treaty expiring shortly.

Meanwhile there was a brisk use of the pen by his Majesty. He had to sign decrees suspending the articles of the Constitution relative to free assembly and speech, dissolving Parliament (there is to be franchise reform both in district delimitation and in voting methods), declaring Rivera alone responsible for the Government, instituting legislation by decree as having the force of law, and proclaiming a state of siege (martial law)

during the crisis. The fifty provincial prefects were dismissed and replaced by military chiefs at less salary, and warnings were given that any mayors or municipal councilors suspected of malfeasance or disloyalty would also be displaced. Other warnings were to the effect that revolutionary tribunals, even without legal authority, might be set up, to be composed of "magistrates lacking political affiliations"—whatever that may mean! General de Rivera had at once seized all forms of transportation and ordered the army to occupy all public buildings, banks, electrical and gas works, water supplies, and prisons. He now compelled many newspapers to suspend publication and all the others to print news of the overturn without adverse comment; hence the favorable tone of "La Acción," "El Debate," and their like. I have before me the first copy of the Madrid "Libertad" published since the overturn. The title seems cynical, for out of the paper's eight pages three are devoted to extremely detailed accounts of the great event and containing commentaries on it from the foreign press, but without the slightest Spanish comment.

Finally Don Primo de Rivera took two leaves out of Mussolini's book: first, in regulating officials' duties—henceforth they must be in their offices by 9 A.M. and must not receive visitors during office hours; second, a civil national guard (the Somaten), of voluntary enrollment, a counterpart of the similar Fascist organization, is to be raised "to be in brotherly relation to the army."

"Pretty bold," one hears here in Paris, where there are thousands of Spaniards; and then, "But it may succeed."

Spanish issues and parties are somewhat tangled.

How about the separatists? Will Rivera succeed with them? Hardly. One of his first acts was to decree severe penalties on persons found engaged in republican or other separatist propaganda. And yet he is prepared to go a long way, he says, in the direction of decentralization, giving to Catalonia, to the Basque regions and the other provinces the power to regulate many affairs hitherto in the central Government's control.

How about the Socialists? Will Don Primo de Rivera win them? Hardly, for he has seized the headquarters of the extremists—the Communists and Anarchists—and is outspoken as he fulminates against "foreign elements, who, under the pretext of organization, do nothing but produce strikes and revolts so that they may live without working." In four days Rivera has done more to rid Spain of Russian Bolshevik agents than has been done in the four years previous. But he has a good chance



International
THE PROCLAMATION OF MARTIAL LAW BEING READ IN THE STREETS OF MADRID BY A MILITARY MARSHAL

to win conservative Socialists, for, as he says, he also proposes to go a long way in the direction of "wide freedom of organization, distinguishing between fair-trade unionism and dishonest communism." In addition, he

cleverly announces certain reforms sure to please—reduction of hours in various trades, lawsuits against speculators accused of enhancing the cost of living, diminution by thousands of the number of officials, reduction of salaries of the rest, suppression of pensions to ex-Ministers, and no more free automobiles to any Ministers. Total, a saving of, say, half a million dollars.

How about the soldiers? Disposed first to consider the welfare of the private and non-commissioned ranks, Rivera faces the discontent among the military *juntas*, or officers' unions, ignored by him, as well as among those generals not included in the Directory. Moreover, his views as to spending more money on an unprofitable Moroccan colony, with its precarious foothold, have not made him particularly popular with the "forward party," even though he is now willing to wage the campaign along the drastic lines rejected by the late Cabinet. He can rely on the loyalty of much, if not most, of the army; if he could rely on the loyalty of it all, he would indeed be master of the situation.

How about the people as a whole? Many of their representatives will refuse to recognize the new authority. But, in general, the people will be glad of a change towards economy and efficiency, no matter how undemocratic the change. A military man of action, the new dictator has no patience with outworn civilian dilly-dallings—"out with them and let us have a new deal with an untrammelled Cortes and a new Constitution if necessary." As to the old, Rivera adds with grim humor, "We do not wish to undermine it, but we have been compelled to override it."

Spaniards in Paris and Spaniards in Spain seem to have received the news without much surprise. It is true that, in the past, they have known more than one military pronunciamiento and they are waiting for deeds, not words. Fear and hope exist: fear that the task is too great for any one; hope that a better day has really come. As I heard in Italy, so the statement is made here by Spaniards, otherwise affronted by a dictatorship: "Conditions are of such a nature as to demand a vigorous one-man rule by some honest person as the most certain method of realizing reform."

Inevitably one thinks of the parallel between Spain and Italy. The movement in neither country is apparently directed against the monarch. A parallel exists, but it is not so close as it might be. First, the Spanish character differs from the Italian. Both races, being Latin, are more vivacious than are the Anglo-Saxons. But the Italians outdistance the Spaniards in youthful exuberance and enthusiasm, and they have thus known how to carry Fascism to success with

a rush. Mussolini's revolt was accentuated by lively demonstrations and processions, by special uniforms, and, most of all, by that wonderful song "Giovanezza." The Spaniard is equally picturesque but far soberer; in comparison with the Italians his is a political apathy. Second, the background of Roman history was successfully drawn on to furnish the impres-

sive outline of the Fascist organization. Third, Mussolini had for years carefully built up the Fascist forces, so that when the day came to march on Rome he could offer to Italy and the world an unparalleled spectacle. Finally, he had imposed himself so graphically on the popular fancy that it became simply obsessed by his personality.

Rivera lacks these advantages. In addition, his Government must needs anyway bear a greater military complexion than does Fascism; in especial the issue is complicated by Morocco.

And yet, because of these reasons, it is not impossible that the Spanish Mussolini's triumph may even outrank that of the Italian. We shall see.

Paris, September 18, 1923.

OKLAHOMA—A TEST OF OUR THEORY OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

BY DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

THE whole truth in the startling and bitter fight between the Governor and the Legislature of the State of Oklahoma is not known as I write. But enough has come out of that troubled State to present to us one of the most fundamental of problems in the theory and practice of government under our Constitution.

The separation of the powers of government between the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches is a fundamental principle of American constitutional government. The doctrine is firmly established to this effect: The sovereign power of the people has been placed, as it were, in the hands of three agents, who are to do its bidding. Each of the three has his sphere, and in that sphere he is to be supreme, and not subject to interference by the other two, except as provided by the "supreme law" of the Constitution itself. Each of the three is a "coequal and partner" of the other: neither inferior nor superior. The Fathers sensed a danger in intrusting all power in the hands of the same body or individual. This principle was felt to be all-important by Madison, who said in the "Federalist" that "... the accumulation of all powers, legislative, executive, and judicial, in the same hands, whether hereditary, self-appointed, or elective, may justly be pronounced the very definition of tyranny." Webster, too, felt strongly the need for "the preservation of clear lines" between the departments of government. "The continuance of regulated liberty depends on maintaining these boundaries," so said the greatest constitutional lawyer of his day. Recent writers on constitutional law, such as Cooley, Willoughby, and Burdick, strike the same note—"the principle of separation of powers . . . is fundamental in the American theory of constitutional government."

So much for the theory; it has been bred into most of us from our first lesson in "civics." The interesting

thing to the citizen who scrutinizes this doctrine in action is that, confronted with an emergency situation—a test case like the present Oklahoma controversy—this theory, considered as a "fundamental principle" and a safeguard against tyranny, bends and breaks. Viewed from both the practical and legal aspects, it is clear that, when put to the test, the tradition that ours is a government in which the branches are coequals gives way before the fact that the Executive dominates the other branches of government.

Suppose a situation such as was reported by the press to exist in Oklahoma. The Governor and the Legislature of a State are engaged in a bitter struggle. His policies, vigorously enforced, are bitterly opposed by the majority of the Legislature. They prepare to assemble, for the purpose of impeaching him. The Executive declares a public emergency to exist and that insurrection is threatened, calls out the militia, and proclaims martial law. This he is legally empowered to do. The effort to impeach the Governor must stop there, for machine guns and bayonets block the doors of the Capitol building; a meeting elsewhere can be dispersed as tending to obstruct military rule.

"But," it may be protested, "because the Governor has the power to prevent his impeachment it by no means follows that he can do so legally." This is entirely true, and whether his conduct is legal or not is a question for the courts. To the State courts the legislators would go, seeking relief against the alleged abuse of power and illegal conduct of the Governor.

Assuming that the Governor permitted the court to sit, the court should and probably would refuse jurisdiction. The United States Supreme Court has decided that whether such an exigency exists as to justify calling out the militia is a political, not a judicial, question (*Martin v. Mott*, 12 Wheat. 19); nor can a court

question the legal character of the government from which it derives its own standing as a court (*Luther v. Borden*, 7 How. 1). This much seems clear law; any other result would present insurmountable difficulties. A State court executes its commands through the sheriff. The sheriff is an executive, not a judicial, officer, and as such is subject to the command of the Governor, his chief, and not the judge in whose county he acts. Hence for the court to try to enjoin or mandamus the Governor would be to order the Governor to do or not to do certain things, by sending one of the Governor's own executive household to enforce the mandate! And even if the sheriff undertook to carry out such an order, what is to prevent the Governor, with entire legality, from incarcerating the sheriff as obstructing the operation of martial law?

Unable to have the Governor's conduct declared illegal by the only body capable of such a declaration, the leaders of the Legislature will now meet with their counsel, who will advise them to go into the Federal court and seek the strong arm of the Federal Government to restore them to their proper place as the "coequal and partner" in government of the Chief Executive. They will appear before a Federal judge; their counsel will read from the Constitution: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government . . ." and "... nor shall any State deprive any person of . . . liberty . . . without due process of law."

The Federal judge will be free from any interference from the dictatorial Governor; his marshals and United States troops, if necessary, will be able to enforce any of his decrees. But no help can be expected from the Federal judge; the question whether a republican form of government exists in any State, the Supreme Court has decided on more than one occasion, is not a judicial question, and will not be re-

viewed by the courts (*Luther v. Borden*, supra; *Pacific T. & T. Co. v. Oregon*, 223 U. S. 118; *Mountain Timber Co. v. Washington*, 243 U. S. 219).

When the problem is put into this concrete form, it becomes clear that in any conflict with his theoretical "equal and partner" the Legislature, the Chief Executive, in the last analysis, dominates the government. The doctrine of the equality and independence of the three branches of the government, however valuable in the day of Montesquieu and Madison, becomes a mere abstraction, an empty phrase without substance, in the practical operation of our government to-day.

Suppose now that the conflict is not between the Legislature and the Executive, but between the Executive and the Courts. Here again the Executive controls the situation, though acting within his clear legal rights. The Chief Executive need not accept service of process from a court; he cannot be ordered to do an act by man-

damus (*Mississippi v. Johnson*, 4 Wall. 475), and cannot be enjoined. John Marshall, towering figure though he was, often found his carefully reasoned opinions mere hollow declamations, flouted openly by the executive arm of the government. President Jefferson completely ignored two subpoenas issued by Marshall in the Aaron Burr treason trial. The Governor of Georgia successfully defied Marshall's court on three different occasions. President Andrew Jackson commented on Marshall's order in the Cherokee Nation case with this bit of sarcasm: "John Marshall has made his decision—*now let him enforce it!*"

Some years ago the Legislatures of Illinois and New York passed anti-sedition laws. Under their terms convictions were had, and the question of their constitutionality was raised before the courts. The constitutionality of the action of the Legislature in passing the acts and the regularity of the procedure in the trial court were upheld. And then, with the stroke of

a pen, Governors Small and Smith undid the work of their "coequals and partners," the Legislature and the Courts; by their unlimited power of pardon they set the convicted men free. Their acts, which required high courage, have been applauded in many places. But no better illustration of our thesis could be found.

Only a few days ago the "birthday" of the Constitution was celebrated, and for a week its praises were sung from one end of the country to the other. This is indeed an appropriate time for the American citizenry, both bar and laity, to reflect on the change which has been effected in the operation of a government established on a theory that "the accumulation of all powers . . . in the same hands . . . may . . . be pronounced the very definition of tyranny," and concerning which Kent, the great American Chancellor, said, "No maxim has been more . . . cherished as a vital principle of freedom."

Chicago, Illinois.

LLOYD GEORGE IN AMERICA

BY FRANK DILNOT

AMERICANS who meet Mr. Lloyd George on his visit will probably find him an older man in appearance than they expected and a younger man in mind and manners. His hair is almost white. Just now and again his shoulders are bowed forward in a way suggestive of old age, yet he flings himself as straight as an arrow when his feelings are aroused, and his blue eyes flash out merriment or anger just as they did years ago when he was the maliciously witty guerrilla of the House of Commons. Americans will find him easy to talk to because he is a man always anxious to learn, always acutely sympathetic towards those with whom he talks. He will not be found dominant; his words are always softer than his actions. In private he will reveal a whimsicality, and in the right society he will be full of merry quips and jests. If he speaks in public, he may be depended upon to tell his mind. He will reveal a pretty complete understanding of America's position in world affairs, of America's special need, and of the distinctive temperament of her statesmen, past and present. So far as international affairs are concerned his outspokenness will be manifest, for he is a bitter critic of France at this moment, and a strong supporter of the policy of Mr. Baldwin. In this at any rate he sees eye to eye with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

It will not take Americans long to

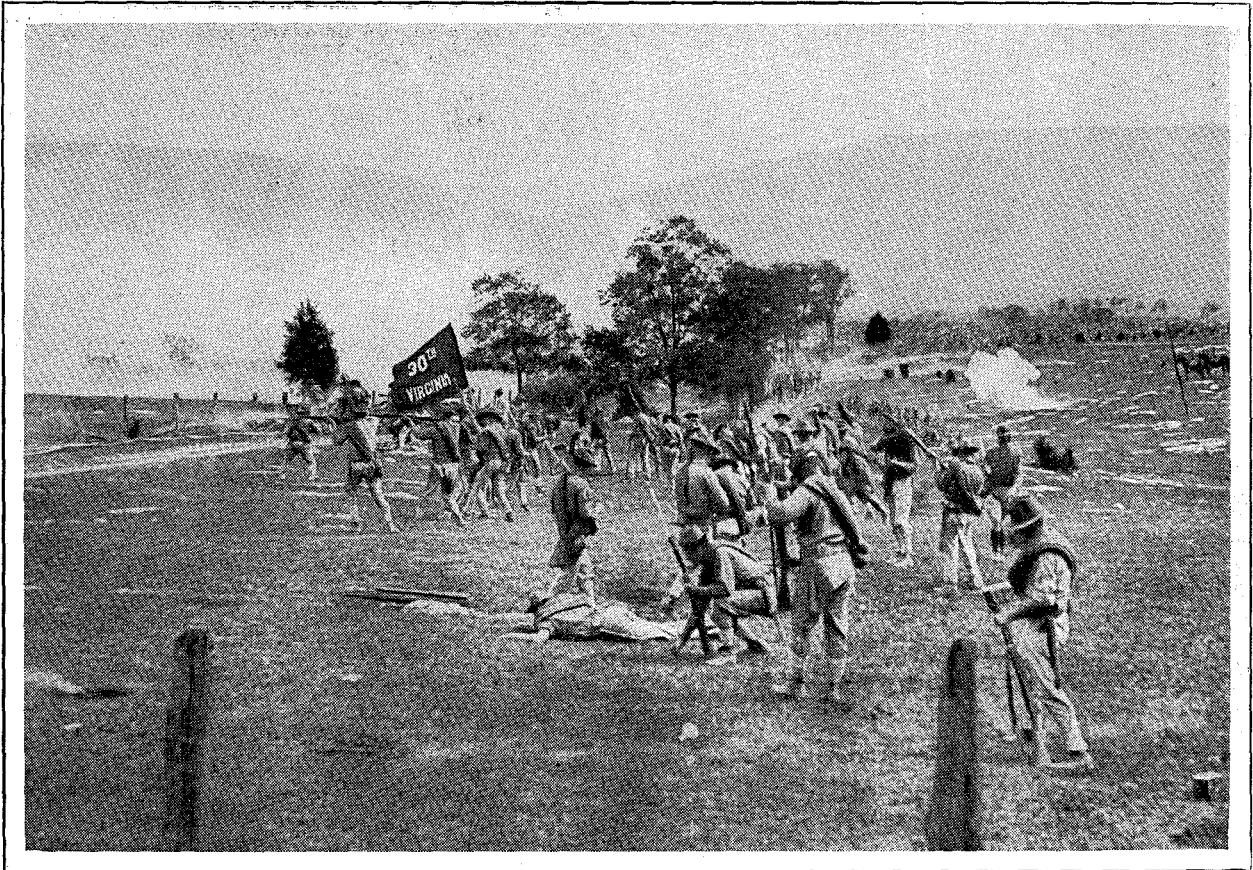
see that here is no spent volcano, but a virile individuality which is fated again to leave its mark on the history of Europe. Only bigoted partisans in this country fail to know that Mr. Lloyd George at some period, far or near, is destined once again to be Prime Minister of Britain. It is true that the official Liberal leaders, Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon, have refused him admission to what may be called caucus circles, and Conservatives, some of whom are opposed to Mr. Lloyd George, are blunt in their assertions that the refusal arises from the knowledge that once he came into the councils at headquarters it would be inevitable that with his personality and power he would before long be arch-director as well as popular leader.

He will be found a very human sort of a fellow and no political automaton. He will certainly desire to have a game of golf on some of the magnificent courses in the United States. He is fond of motoring and loves a big cigar. He is devoted to music, loves a good play, and will assuredly make a point of hearing some of America's famous preachers. It may be taken for granted that he will endeavor to make himself acquainted with the various sides of America's great experiment in prohibition. It is unnecessary to demonstrate his interest beyond saying that, though he is a man of wide tolerance, he has been himself a lifelong teetotaler.

Mr. Lloyd George's companions will

not be without interest. Mrs. Lloyd George, a dark-haired, round-faced, motherly woman, was the daughter of a tenant farmer near Lloyd George's early home at Llanystumdwy. "Pretty Maggie Owen" in her early years was the belle of the countryside, but the struggling young lawyer was in those early days, even as later, a person who stood no nonsense from rivals. A great deal of his subsequent success is undoubtedly due to his wife, for she not only proved a capable helpmate as he rose in the world, but made his home life almost ideal. The domestic circle of the Lloyd Georges is a charmed place for those who have the privilege of entering it.

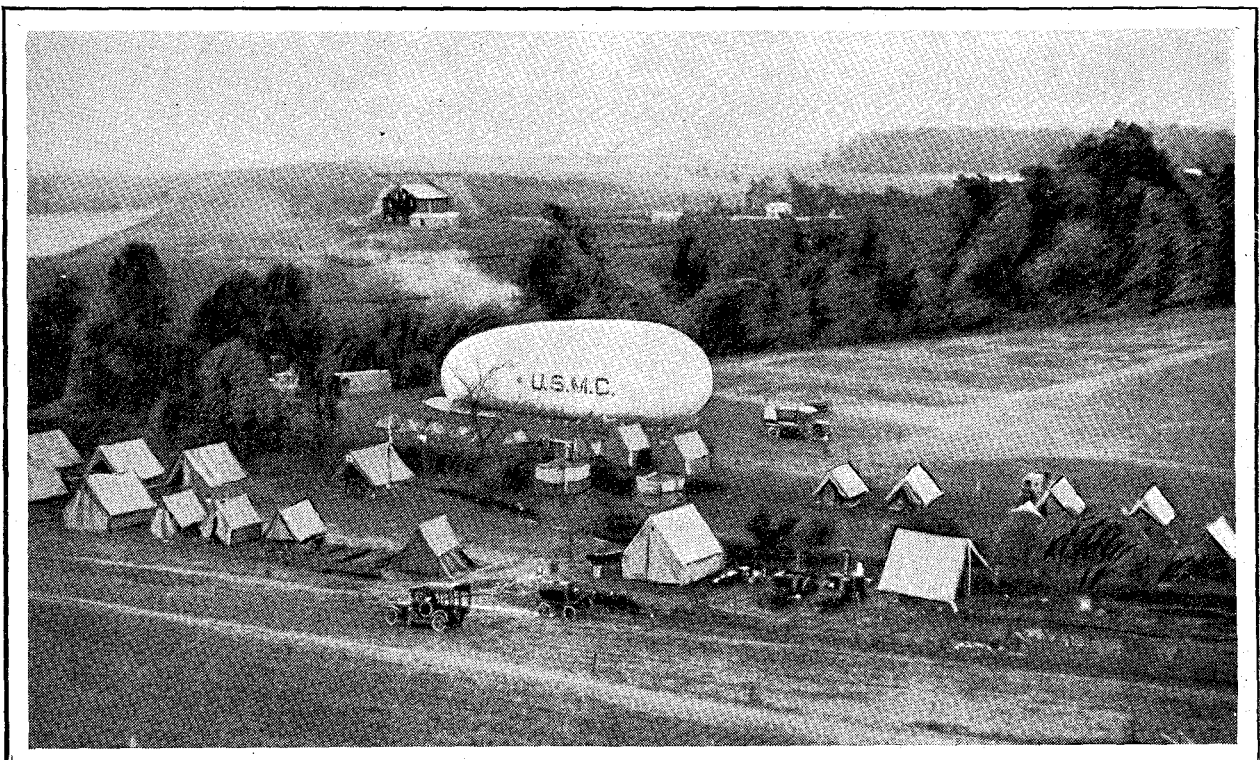
Miss Megan Lloyd George, the youngest daughter, will be of the party, and I am not sure but that she will prove, in some circles at any rate, the most popular member of it. She is in the early twenties—a short girl, with round face, dancing eyes, soft voice, and a merry wit. She has been her father's darling for years. When Mrs. Lloyd George could not accompany her husband on state occasions during his period as Prime Minister, he always took Megan with him. No holiday of his has ever been really complete without Megan's presence. Mr. Lloyd George may be a master of men, but he has never been able to stand up successfully before the wiles of Megan. I prophesy a delightful time for her in America, and a delightful time for those who meet her.



(C) Harris & Ewing

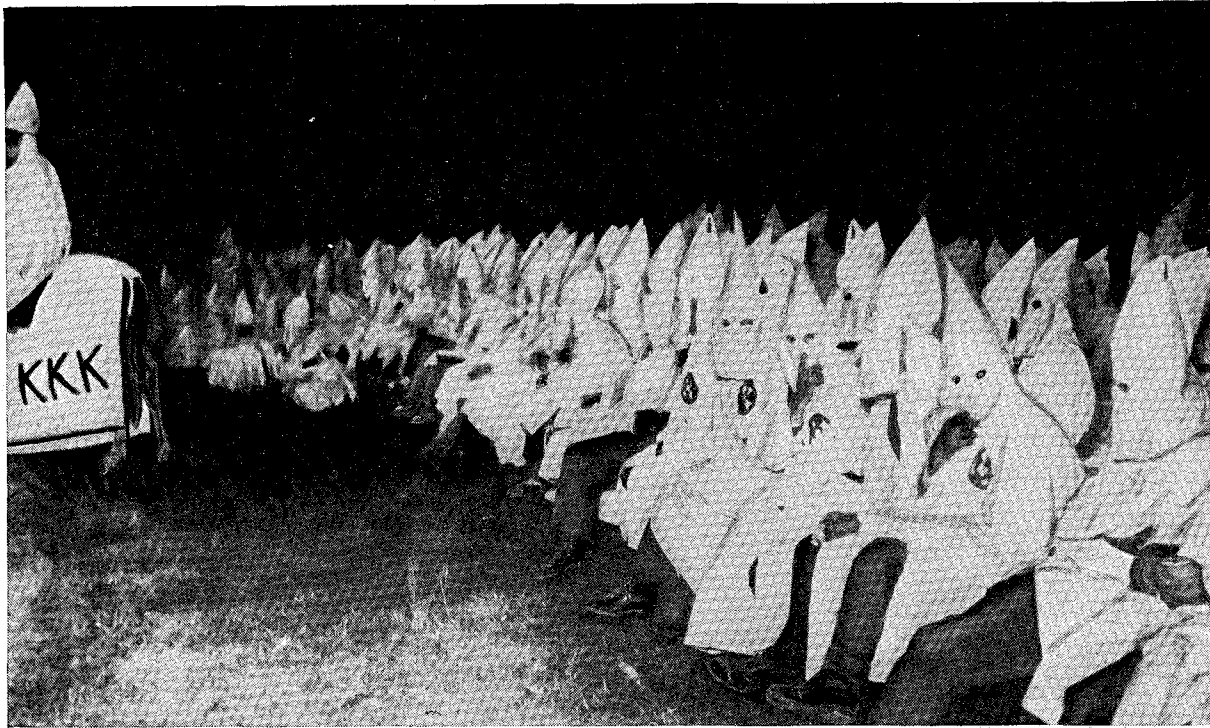
HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Here is a scene in the recent re-enactment of the Civil War battle of Newmarket, Virginia, by the U. S. Marine Corps and Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. This battle was fought on May 15, 1864, between forces under the command of General Sigel on the Union side and General Breckenridge on the Confederate side. Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute then formed part of Breckenridge's forces and won an honorable record. The battle resulted in the recall of General Sigel. This was one of the important engagements in the Shenandoah Valley fighting.



International

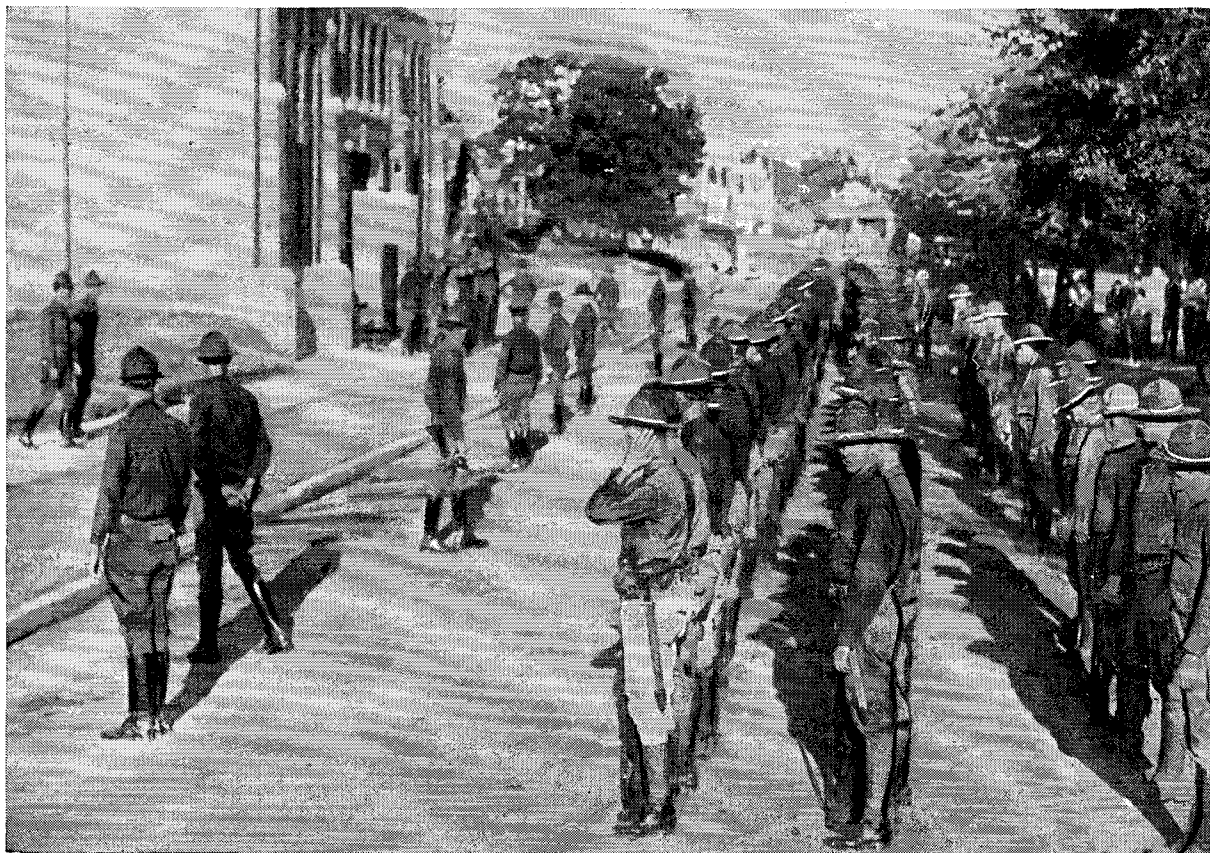
THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENCAMPMENT ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF NEWMARKET



United Pictures

THE TROUBLES IN OKLAHOMA—A MEETING OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

This meeting, we are informed, was held in Oklahoma City twelve hours before Governor Walton issued his edict that he would arrest any masked persons appearing in public, which was followed by his declaration of martial law. Perhaps the gentleman with the minatory finger is reciting "And the Goblins will get ye, if ye don't watch out"



P. & A. Photos

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN IN THE STREETS OF TULSA

The town of Tulsa has been a center of K. K. K. activities and was placed under martial law. Tulsa has had a phenomenal growth, being among the five foremost cities in the United States as respects increase of population during the decade 1910-20

WE VISIT THE ALCALDE

BY MELANIE EARLE KEISER

YOU tourists who came by thousands to Havana this winter and put up at the Plaza Hotel, went to the races at Marianao and the caves at Matanzas, and left without so much as glimpsing inside a little palm-thatched house, how little you saw of the real Cuba! I should like to take you, *Señor y Señora Turista*, to call on our friend and neighbor, the *alcalde*.¹ We will go up the hill past the orange grove of the *Americano*, and pause a moment on its brow to look at the beautiful, beautiful hills. They stretch from Guanajay to Guane, a long line of blue and purple and green. Up from one of the farmhouses floats the fragrance of parching coffee—so tantalizing and delicious that we hurry on to the *alcalde's*, hoping they have parched coffee to-day also. See, here is the *alcalde's* little home, the white-washed walls glistening in the evening sun.

A few clumps of bananas are growing at one side of the house, and on the other a planting of tobacco is ready to cut. In front an old-fashioned rose-bush, some marigolds and crotons make a bright showing in the cleanly swept yard. A little pig is tied by the leg to one post of the front porch, and a very mangy, hateful-looking dog is tied to another post and barks furiously as we approach. At the dog's warning a little naked boy appears in the doorway, and calls, "*Mamá! Mamáita!*" and the *alcalde's* wife, my friend Mary of the Angels, comes out, carrying another naked baby in her arms.

"*Ay, Dios mío! It is la Americana!* How are you, *vieja?*" (I am only thirty years old, but, being married, I enjoy the title of *vieja*—old woman—a term of endearment.) She kisses me soundly on both cheeks.

"I am quite well, thanks to God," I respond, "and am glad to see that you are well also. I wish to introduce my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Turista, Mary of the Angels."

As she darts towards you I see a distinct look of alarm on your face, Mrs. Turista. Yes, her kisses are reminiscent of cigars and garlic, and utterly unwholesome! If the worst befalls you, don't forget a listerine wash when you go home. But there, you have escaped! She is merely shaking your hand and offering you her home to regard as your own during your stay in Cuba.

And now we enter the house. The

front room, or *sala*, is furnished scantily. Four rocking-chairs arranged in pairs facing each other occupy the center of the room, along the walls are a few cowhide-seated mission chairs, and there is a clock on the wall, and a bright calendar. Through the open door we can see the bedroom, beautifully neat, the big bed covered with a fancy red-embroidered sheet with pillow-slips to match; a small image of the Virgin stands near the bed on a little shelf. Between the main house and the kitchen is an open hallway or porch, which in fair weather serves as dining-room. Although the kitchen door is open, it is so dark and smoky within that you can see nothing of its arrangement. There is, I know, a stove in the center of the room, made something after the fashion of a child's sand-table, and in the sand, or in this case clay, a trough is sunk through the middle, and there the fire is built. The cooking utensils are iron or earthenware. In one corner of the kitchen is a huge mahogany bowl and pestle for pounding up the coffee and husking rice. A young girl presently emerges from the kitchen gloom, bringing the coffee. She presents you, Mrs. Turista, with a pink-flowered cup sitting on a gilded plate. As I am an old friend, and therefore no formality need be observed, I am served coffee in a *jicara*, the polished half of a small cocoanut shell. You look confused, my good sir, to find yourself left out of the drinking party! Tell your wife to pour that boiling hot coffee into her plate and drink it down *pronto*, for I assure you that is the only cup in the house. You say it's strong enough to raise the roof! You won't sleep a wink to-night? Nonsense! These people drink it as they go to bed by way of a soothing potion. Here comes the pink cup again, and it's your turn, Mr. Turista.

Here is the *alcalde* coming now—the one in the lavender undershirt with his trousers rolled up over his knees, displaying cerise nether garments. He has been planting sweet potatoes. The wild-eyed creature who is with him is his imbecile son.

"*Qué hay, Juanito?*" I call. "How goes the crop?"

"So-so, so-so, Americana. And your children are well? But then, they are always well. And God only can explain why. You give them orange juice, you give them raw milk, you let them sleep at night by the open window. I am told even that the moonlight enters the sleeping-apartment, but surely this cannot be true—just a fanciful lie of the common people."

"Yes, Juanito, it is true, and I am sure that orange juice would help that poor little grandson of yours. I passed by Asuncion's yesterday, and saw him; he is ill."

"Ah, Americana," cries the old fellow, his eyes glistening, "it parts the soul to see him! So big-eyed, so tired always! And one fears to handle him he bruises. But orange juice!" He smiles wisely. "It is cold for the chest. It would weaken the lungs."

"Juanito," I cry, in exasperation, "your head is as obstinate as an old mule's; if, indeed, you have any head at all. I begin to fear that that is merely an old pumpkin you carry about on your shoulders with an exceptionally hard shell."

At this they all laugh heartily. Juanito claps his hands and exclaims: "Ay, Americana, when you are angry you are truly charming. I admire you immensely when you are roused. But orange juice! Raw milk! Night air! You see these children? María de los Angeles raised them all, from the time they were weaned, on black beans and rice."

"But you lost some babies."

"Alas! death stalks among us during the hot months and snatches the innocents from our arms. Our hearts bleed; for to us poor ones the children are all we have. But God wills it so. I have only eight living children, but María de los Angeles has given me eleven sons and six daughters; she is a very good woman."

Mary of the Angeles laughs and hugs her pasty-faced baby to her scrawny breast. "I don't know why we have so many of these insects;" she glances about at the collection of angelically beautiful, shockingly dirty little ones. "They come, and we love them. If they go, our hearts weep always for them. Ay, my poor little grandson! His head is so big and he cannot sit up! I fear he will leave us this hot summer."

"Indeed, he won't die!" I exclaim. "There is no reason why he should. You send to my house every morning, and I will prepare a medicine fresh every day that will surely cure him." (How can I camouflage that orange juice? I anxiously ask myself.)

"Ay, Americana," they cry, "dear *vieja*, you are always our friend. We will send little Juan without fail to fetch this medicine. How curious these foreigners are with their medicines! What, going so soon?"

"Indeed, we must hurry, for we dine out to-night. My friends admire the mountains very much, and we will motor to San Diego de los Baños for

¹ Alcalde, though usually translated into English as mayor, is here applied to the chief officer of a country district or *barrio*, and in remote country regions these *alcaldes de barrio* may be very humble people.

dinner. It is in the foothills, and the view is charming."

"They are beautiful hills," says the *alcalde*. "And do you know something

strange? I have an American geography with a mark showing these very same hills. It was printed before the Americans came here to fight the Span-

iards, and what puzzles me is how they found out about the hills being here! But then the Americans are so curious! Well, good-bye. God go with you!"

PARAGRAPHS FROM A POLITICIAN'S EUROPEAN NOTE-BOOK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

AROUSED over Prohibition. Not so much on the Continent, but in England everybody wants to talk first about prohibition in the United States. They get news of the breakdown of enforcement, particularly in the eastern part of our country, but they take the whole thing with seriousness. England is pretty well sodden with drink and a long way from giving it up. But there are some preliminary danger signs to the traffic which appeared early in the long struggle in our country. Scotland is trying out local option on a wide scale.

Lady Astor this summer was successful in getting the Conservative Government to put stern regulation upon selling to children and youth. The wiser of the drink corporation people are beginning to talk like this: "We must get rid of the low drinking den, and the sight of people drunk on the streets, together with the worse evils of the public-house, if we are to save the trade." English business men said to me: "New Zealand has strong dry tendencies, Canada also, and the United States. It begins to look as if we would have to do something about it in the interest of the efficiency of British industry."

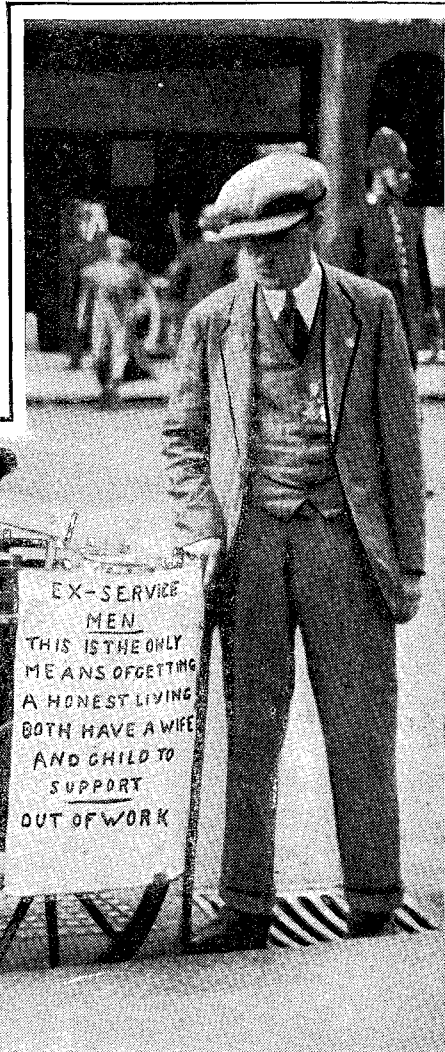
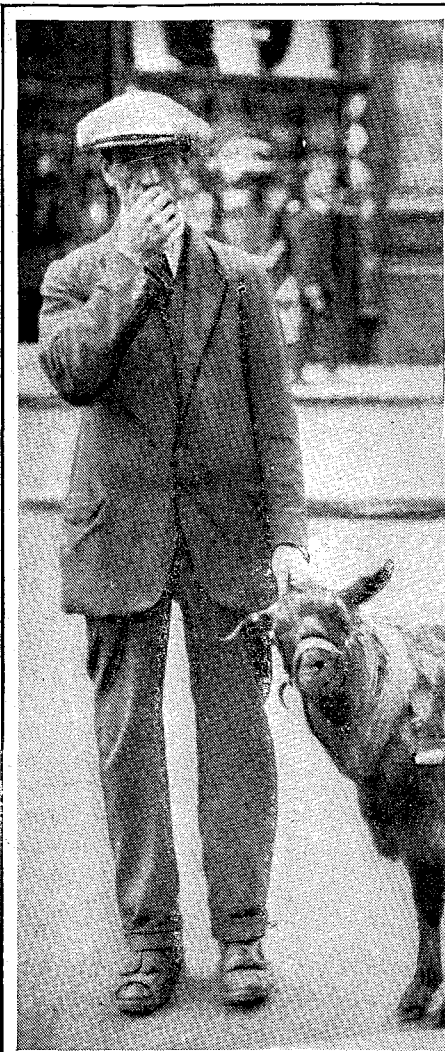
Anybody who sees the operation of the English public-house, its effect upon women as well as upon men, the bleary eyes and personal instability caused by drink, is pretty certain, I think, whatever his own habits, to believe that America is on the right road.

I heard and read saner discussion in England than I read or heard in the United States about the reason for preventing British ships from bringing liquors under seal within the

three-mile limit. The English seem to understand that they are bound to do something to stop smuggling and rum-running under the British flag, if they are to hope for the modification of the law of the United States for the benefit of their vessels.

Vocational Misfits among Heroes.

One of the saddest sights in England is the plight of many of the returned soldiers of the great war. Many of them had their golden hour of daring, of initiative, of opportunity to show to the utmost what sort of



Wide World Photos

"ONE OF THE SADDEST SIGHTS IN ENGLAND IS THE PLIGHT OF MANY OF THE RETURNED SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT WAR"

soul was in them. Their breasts are covered with medals, with decorations, with evidences of honor. Now many of them are porters and taxi drivers and are filling all sorts of menial occupations. During the conflict their country led them to think that they would return to a better-ordered land, where they would obtain economic positions reasonably worthy of their manhood and their valor. "The country forgets very soon," they say. I wonder if there is not a great deal of that feeling in America, and whether in the present generation it would not be pretty difficult to get men into war from the population of the English and American democracies.

Edward the Confessor.

I was reminded again in Westminster Abbey that character is the real heart of a country. Of course the shrine of Edward the Confessor is the historic and spiritual center of the Abbey. And Edward is the saintly king *par excellence* of the English line. Therefore the monarchs who followed him are buried near him, that they may partake of his glory and at the resurrection may perhaps share in the fragrance of his immortality. To this shrine of Edward the Confessor came the Crusaders to pray before they departed for the Holy Land. To the same spot came soldiers of the recent war. Close by is kept the throne chair, with the Stone of Scone beneath it, upon which all rulers of England sit when crowned. The other day Princess Mary and her husband signed their wedding agreement at the shrine, as members of the royal family are accustomed to do. It all illustrates the power of a life that is popularly believed to be the real thing, and it illustrates also the hunger on the part of successive generations to share in that power.

The Spirit of Scotland

The lanes and hedgerows of England are lovely, but they are a bit dank and narrowing, too. The open, free spaces of earth and sky and the open, free spirit of Scotland remind one much more of America. It is no wonder that the Scotch from time immemorial have turned their prows toward our country when they left the homeland. They have no trouble about merging with the free spaces and the free spirit of America. And of the centers of Scotland, give me Edinburgh still, a gem of physical beauty and historic recollection. I am told that Glasgow has grown richer and that the material roots of Edinburgh are now undernourished. But what a heritage is hers! St. Giles and John Knox and Sir James Simpson and Adam Smith and Henry Drummond

and the Scots Grays and Robert Louis Stevenson—on the day we were there the Stevenson pilgrims were strewing flowers on the grave of his devoted nurse; and, greatest of all names in that city, Sir Walter Scott, of prodigious mental energy and literary glory, and Mary Queen of Scots—it was better to have Elizabeth win, but when we first read the history of England do we not remember how hard it was to have Mary die? Our sympathies were with Mary, our judgment with Elizabeth.

What a land is Scotland still! I would that she regularly had more the upper hand in the British Empire even

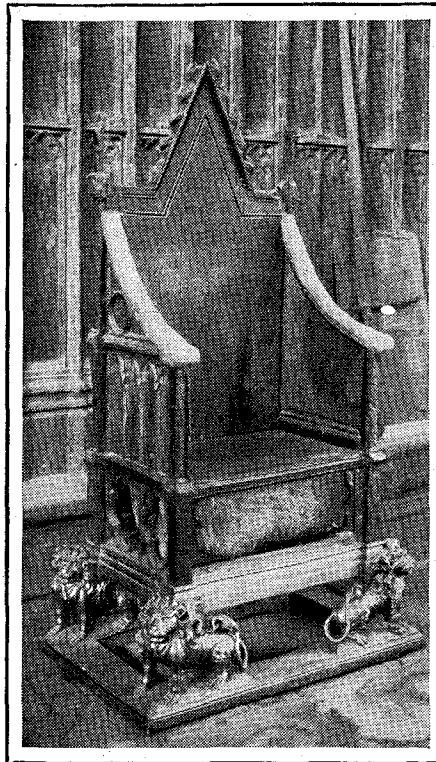


Photo from Ewing Galloway, New York

"THE THRONE CHAIR, WITH THE STONE OF SCONE BENEATH IT, UPON WHICH ALL RULERS OF ENGLAND SIT WHEN CROWNED"

than she does. I can understand why Gladstone's best constituency was the Scottish Midlothian.

A Pen Picture of Norway

The major part of the population of Norway live in the hundreds of little villages along the almost perpendicular ramparts of the fjords. A little church, a little school, a community dancing hall, a little farm, the grass hung out on fences to dry as we hang clothes on the line in America; a few sheep, a few cows, a bit of woodland, a herd of goats driven to the grassier uplands for the summer, a buckskin pony, a two-wheeled carriage called a *stolkjaerre* (pronounced stoll-cherry), a fishing boat, a waterfall, a power plant, electric lights aplenty, a thorough system of practical popular education, one of the best Government telephone systems in the world, every

one of the inhabited lighthouses along the much-indented coast in constant touch with the capital at Christiania; a drastic governmental regulation of the production and consumption of intoxicating liquors, large parts of the country dry under local option; simple natures, not extortionate, caring not much for mere wealth, but much for comfort and family and co-operation with one's kind, no poor, few rich; six hours of daylight in the dead of winter and eighteen hours of darkness, in summer almost no darkness at all—rural Norway is still the breeding-ground of men who make their mark in commerce on the sea, or in adventure and discovery in the frozen north or the frozen south—Fridtjof Nansen, Roald Amundsen; in music, Ole Bull; in literature, Henrik Ibsen; retaining the practical energy of progress and democracy when they emigrate to any corner of the world—witness the radical political upheaval which they produce in North Dakota and Minnesota and Wisconsin.

But they also have Knute Nelson to their credit, whose rugged liberalism was tempered with practical wisdom that best reveals the spirit of the real America.

Is there any more perfect democracy in Europe? Perhaps Switzerland. And yet Norway still has a king. Only a few years ago Sweden and Norway were a dual monarchy, either one of them perfectly fitted to live apart; and then came the time when Norway wished to break the bonds with her neighbor, and there was danger of war. When the Government of Sweden was deliberating upon the question of preventing the separation, thirty thousand Swedish men gathered in the Plaza of the capital of Sweden and sang the national songs of Norway, and protested to their Government that if Norway wished to go free, Norway should go free. "Tell me," said an Englishman to a Norwegian who was visiting a short time ago in London, "how did you come along so nicely in getting parted from Sweden? We are having so much trouble in arranging a separation with Ireland." "My dear sir," answered the Norwegian, "the Scandinavians are an educated people."

Is God on the Side of the Heavy Battalions?

Waterloo and the Marne are only a hundred years apart in time and two hundred miles in space, but they might be a thousand years in time and have taken place on different planets, if we contemplate only the difference in military action on the two fields. At Waterloo the pistols carried thirty yards, and the muskets one hundred and the cannon not over five hundred. Every phase of the battle took place



Photo by Elmendorf, from Ewing Galloway

"THE MAJOR PART OF THE POPULATION OF NORWAY LIVE IN THE HUNDREDS OF LITTLE VILLAGES ALONG THE ALMOST PERPENDICULAR RAMPARTS OF THE FJORDS"

within nine square miles. The lines were short, not more than two miles in length—and dense, about seventy thousand men in massed formation in each army. The action was hand-to-hand, the bayonet, the sword, the charge. And the carnage was more terrible than that wrought by the machine guns at the Marne. One hundred and forty thousand men fought in mortal personal combat at Waterloo, and at the end of the day sixty thousand lay dead upon the field.

The battles of the recent great war were far-flung fields, thin lines, terrible shell-fire from miles distant, trenches and tunnels and tanks, barbed wire entanglements, machine guns and big Berthas, with far less glamour than Waterloo and less concentrated carnage. At the first battle of the Marne fifteen thousand young French horsemen, fresh from their cavalry schools, kept their vow and rode against the Germans after the grand manner of Waterloo, wearing their white gloves and full parade uniforms, and only five thousand answered the roll-call in the evening.

I have just ridden over both these fields, as only a few weeks ago I rode over Gettysburg. Three crucial battles of the world, every hour of them crowded with courage and human power and genius. But the thing that impressed me most about all of them was that God tilted the scales against the heavy battalions. By all human standards Napoleon should have won at Waterloo. There was nothing lacking in Napoleon that day, in plan or power or mastery of spirit. He never

was cooler or more skillful. If it had not rained the night before and forced him to wait until eleven o'clock in the forenoon to move his artillery, Blücher would not have arrived in time and Napoleon would have won. If the sunken road, about whose existence Napoleon's peasant guide deceived

him, had not swallowed the otherwise invincible charge of the cuirassiers, Napoleon would have won.

By human standards of power and opportunity, the Germans should have won at the first battle of the Marne. But the error of Von Kluck on the right flank and the ill-judged onrush of drunken German daring at the center delivered the heavier battalions into the hands of Joffre and the young cavalymen with their white gloves and gay uniforms of the parade ground of the Marne.

In organization and discipline and native military genius, Lee was in a superior position at Gettysburg; and Sickles of the Northern forces, exceeding his orders and pressing on to his own destruction, left Little Round Top, the pivotal point of the field, naked of defenders. Seemingly by chance, Warren, the general of engineers whose statue now marks the spot, discovered the defenselessness of the hill and observed through his glass that Longstreet, Lee's great lieutenant, had also discovered it and was making for it with his army corps. Five times Longstreet sought to take Little Round Top from the defenders whom Warren hurried to the summit; five times he failed. If he had taken it, Gettysburg would have been Lee's victory. The heavy battalions of leadership and organization were with Lee. But the accidents of battle were with God. After reflection upon the facts of Waterloo and Gettysburg and the Marne, I am not able to find much to bulwark the theory that God fights with the heavy battalions.

THIS is the second
of a series of vivid sketches which

SENATOR DAVENPORT

has drawn from his
travel note-books.

More of his intensely
human observations will appear
in subsequent issues.

THREE POEMS BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

PROSE DIANA

SHE died a long, long time ago
And lies where silver rivers flow;
Watched by ten thousand glistening eyes,
On lavender and gold she lies.

There are no words in any tongue
To tell how fair she seems, how young;
Set high apart from earth and change,
Familiar, and forever strange.

She had a lover, and her light
Met his and made a noon of night.
She died; and now his light alway
Makes of her night a silver day.

Unmoved, the snow queen of the rhyme,
She lies, a lily snatched from time;
But when love walks in grassy dells,
Her loveliness works miracles.

THE EYES OF GOD

I SEE them nightly in my sleep.
The eyes of God are very deep.
There is no cave, no sea that knows
So much of unplumbed depth as those,
Or guards with walls or specters dumb
Such treasures for the venturesome.

I feel them burning on my back.
The eyes of God are very black.
There is no substance and no shade
So black as God his own eyes made;
In earth or heaven no night, no day
At once so black, so bright as they.

I see them wheresoe'er I turn.
The eyes of God are very stern.
The eyes of God are golden fires
That kindle beacons, kindle pyres;
And where like slow moon-rays they pass
They burn up dead things as dry grass.

They wait, and are not hard to find.
The eyes of God are very kind.
They have great pity for weak things
And joy in everything with wings;
And glow, beyond all telling bright,
Each time a brave soul dares a flight.

SUMMER DUSK

UP from the dreaming river comes
Music like faint guitars;
Over the fields unearthly drums
Greet the seraphic stars.

On silken shoes from leafy screens
Shy, the unseen assemble.
Hark, how the elfin tambourines
Set the night air a-tremble!

This is not earth. We have strayed far.
Infinitudes removed from this,
Earth floats, a hot and troubled star,
Somewhere in the abyss.

This is the world where, after death
Ends all the fierce ado,
God lets the tired ghosts catch their breath
A million years or two.

He knows that, having yearned and striven
And prayed and kept the law,
We need a rest, this side of heaven,
From earnestness and awe;

A rest from splendor as from grime,
From rapture as from pain, a place
Of dim groves with no heights to climb
Even to thrones of grace;

But wide trees, fragrance, flitting lights,
And deep pools, dark as wells;
And friendly, grave, ungodly sprites,
Ringing faint fairy bells.

WHERE VETERANS FELL AMONG FRIENDS

BY STANLEY FROST

THE failures of our Veterans' Bureau are excused by its officials chiefly on two grounds. First, that the task was so big, so unprecedented, and so unexpected that it was impossible not to botch it; second, that in "a democracy like ours" all Government work must of necessity be done very poorly. It is too bad, they admit complacently, but what can one expect?

The answer lies just to the north, across the Canadian line. Canada had the same problem, just as unprecedented, and she has not botched it, though she is "a democracy like ours." At almost every point where our Bureau has failed her work shines. Her men have had the best of medical care where ours have not; her rehabilitated soldiers step back into civil life without friction and with success; there is no delay, almost no bungling, no flurry at all.

It is true that her task was smaller than ours if numbers alone are taken as a measure. But actually it was far larger. With a tenth of our population, with hardly a twentieth of our money, with infinitely less equipment and resources of skill and science, and with her whole fabric racked and torn and sickened by five years of war where we had only eighteen months—with all this she took up the work of rehabilitating more than a third as many men as we. The cost—even with an economy that makes our waste seem criminal—has been a sixth of her whole income. The figures tell the story. We have had 365,000 men in our hospitals, Canada 139,000; we have trained 167,000 men, she 52,000; we are a nation of 110,000,000, she of only 8,700,000! Considering our resources, our work, by comparison, was simple and easy.

In spite of all this, her task is nearly finished, while ours is still only half done. In no single thing has she been less generous to her soldiers, less careful of their welfare, yet to-day the veterans' problem in Canada is beginning to be forgotten, her hospitals are being closed, her training force disbanded, the department which has done the work is contracting to a tiny bureau. Except for cripples and a handful of sick men, practically all of Canada's soldiers have been taken back into civil life. Her swords are already beaten into plowshares, and at work.

Yet the job of rehabilitation, as Canada laid it out for herself and has carried it through, was all-embracing. It was also definite and exact. Ours was neither. Her clear purpose shows even in the name given the agency charged with the work, which is "The

THREE articles by Stanley Frost on our Veterans' Bureau have recently been published in *The Outlook*. His contribution to the discussion of the disabled veterans seemed to us so important that we sent him to Canada to investigate the methods by which our northern neighbor has handled a more difficult problem than that which faced the United States. A second article on Canada and her veterans will be published next week.

Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment." That was the job—that and nothing else—civil re-establishment. As Mr. N. F. Parkinson, the deputy minister, stated it to me, the purpose was "to bear constantly in mind the country's responsibility and to rectify, so far as is humanly possible, every physical, mental, and industrial injury which any soldier sustained in the service of the country, so that he can fully and successfully resume his place as a citizen." This policy has been interpreted in the broadest possible sense. Incidentally it includes one feature which I have not heard mentioned in our own Bureau; it aims to reduce the pension burden by reducing the disabilities for which pensions must be paid. No one seems to worry about our pension costs!

The first difference between the Canadian work and our own appeared even before the war ended. In 1918 Canada was well started, her department was organized, the broad outlines of the work were laid down, and every possible preparation had been made. With us nothing was done till months after the war, and it was not till 1921 that we really had an agency capable of dealing with the need.

Thus from the start Canada had none of the heartbreaking delays which disgraced our treatment of our veterans. Files and records were available on the instant and each case was settled at once, except for a very few where delicate questions arose. Instead of long investigations, hearings, appeals, re-investigations and re-hearings, as with us, the Canadian claims got final action on an average of less than a month. Every case had to be referred to Ottawa for final approval, but even this caused little delay. A man brought in his claim; the records were run down by the time he got back from the medical examination; the district officer gave his decision on the spot, and the papers were

often on the way to Ottawa within a couple of hours.

If there was apparent distress, the district officer could take care of the man pending the final decision; if there was haste, the wires could be used. How many instances can be found in which the case of a United States soldier was settled as promptly as was the average in Canada? And when a case was settled, care was given or payments were made on the spot, instead of after months of red-tapery. Thus the first great cause of complaint against our machinery never arose.

The difference was as great throughout the service. When the Canadian veteran was in need of medical attention, he got the best—absolutely the best. The physicians and surgeons were the highest grade—not political leeches or men incompetent to make a living at private practice, as was too often true with us. If greater skill was needed, the country's finest specialists were called in, as ours were supposed to be and so seldom were. They were paid, too, while ours gave their services—if any—free. In the clinics as well as the hospitals every man knew that all that skill could do for him was being done.

The record of the "D. S. C. R." in the building of hospitals is stunning to any one familiar with our own pulsing performances. We are still building hospitals; many of them are costing us \$4,000 to \$5,000 a bed, and are unsatisfactory at that. There is constant complaint of lack of facilities at places where they are most needed.

But Canada! By January of 1920—three years and a half ago—she had finished every hospital she needed, forty-two of them. Each building was exactly fitted to its purpose; all were of the approved two-story type, for example, while some of ours run four and five stories. Each was completely and perfectly equipped and none was overcrowded, nor was there from that day a case for which there was not a bed waiting. There has never been the faintest whisper of graft about the work, nor of favoritism in selecting sites, nor other complaint.

More than all this, Canada did not waste millions on expensive structures for a use she knew would be temporary. She called in experts and invented a new type of semi-permanent construction, good for about twenty years, almost fireproof, warm, sanitary, noiseless—and cheap, and quick to build. Her hospitals, ready when needed, adequate in every way, cost her only \$1,500 a bed. If we had done as well we would have saved \$65,000,-

000, and our men would have been cared for better and quicker.

The quality of the service given in those hospitals has been such that there has never been a serious complaint. Around our hospitals have gathered stories of lax discipline, wild nights, poor food, cold rooms, danger from fire—variegated scandals. Canada simply doesn't have them. She does, however, have economy. Her hospital costs run to \$3.40 a man a day as compared with \$3.51 in the private hospitals near by, and with \$5.30 in the United States Bureau hospitals. The difference would have saved us over \$50,000,000.

But Canada has given more than medical care to her sick men—she has supplied their mental needs. In each hospital are a corps of "Ward Aides," girls trained to keep the men occupied and amused. They read to them, get them books, interest them in light work such as carving, basketry, and so forth, play with them and keep them cheerful. This has been one of the finest things in the hospital work, and has given the patients mental tonic and self-confidence worth much medicine. Its cost, by the way, comes out of that \$3.40.

One of the best achievements of the medical service has been in regard to tuberculosis sanatoria. In the midst of all its burdens the Department found time to remember that the fight against the white plague is endless and always needs help. So it built no sanatoria for itself; instead it took over and enlarged private sanatoria to meet its needs, so that when its own emergency had passed the equipment could be turned automatically to the service of the general public. That time has already come; nearly fifty per cent of the accommodations built for sick soldiers are now being used for sufferers from the civil population for whom, otherwise, there would have been no room.

The fact that the number of tuberculosis cases is decreasing is another feather in the cap of the Canadian service. The peak of their load was passed more than a year ago, although in this country the number of cases is still increasing alarmingly, and doctors estimate that it will continue to increase for some years. But Canada caught all incipient cases promptly and treated them; her examinations were so complete that there is hardly a chance that a single case which developed from war service has not been attended to. The only kind of cases which are still increasing are the neuro-psychiatric, and the peak of this load is expected within a year—as against five years in the States.

On the whole, the medical work is decreasing fast. Only twelve of the forty-two hospitals are still open, and another year will close most of these.

There will always be some medical work necessary for men whose diseases are incurable, but the authorities know that the bulk of the work is done.

It is even more nearly finished in regard to the training for self-support of men whose injuries bar them from their pre-war occupations. Canada has trained some 52,000 men in this way, and at one time had about 20,000 in training. To-day there are fewer than 1,200 left, and hardly any more coming in except a few for retraining in cases where increasing disability has outflanked the previous schooling. In comparison, the United States has nearly half of all the trainees it has taken on still in school, and is adding thousands every month.

The Canadian officials have taken as their aim a far more complete attainment than the United States officials admit. "The work cannot be considered finished until the man is stabilized in employment, is successfully at work," they have declared time and again, and they have made that programme good. Our Veterans' Bureau officials who have trained men for trades where there is no employment, who have turned them loose still unable to make a living or let them run head-on into labor union restrictions, excuse themselves on the ground that they have given the men the training they asked.

The Canadian officials saw to it that the man asked the right thing. But the first thing they did was to see that every man who needed training got it. Each, when he was discharged from the army, was reached by the Department, told what could be done for him and offered help. So there were none neglected, though many tried to make their own way for a while before coming in for training.

When a man did come the Department was ready to set him on the *right* road, not just on any road that happened to be handy. It made a comprehensive industrial survey of the entire country, and knew each week what employment was in sight, how many men were in training for it, what the chance of employment would be in each trade at the time the man finished training, the wages, conditions of work as they affected different kinds of disability—everything that had a bearing on a man's making a living at each trade. Besides this, they knew what a man had done, his present conditions, his ability—everything that had a bearing on his choice of a trade. Finally, an inspection officer kept in touch with each man every week to make sure that he was on the right track and doing well, and after he had been on his training for a couple of months his whole case was gone into thoroughly. If there was a mistake it was corrected then, not after many months. So there was

almost no waste training, very few men had to shift courses, and the men who graduated found jobs waiting.

One of the little things that was neglected in the States was the relation of the trained men to the unions. Hundreds of our men have completed training only to find that they could not get union cards without years' more work, and that without union cards they could not earn a living. Canada took care of that in advance; in practically every case a union card was secured for a man when he began training, and when he finished he merely had to go to work.

The result was that almost to a man the trainees have made good. On the final check-up, six months after the men graduated, 93 per cent have been in steady employment. Of the other 7 per cent part had gone abroad, some had died, some had gone into business for themselves; less than 1 per cent are known to have failed. The best guess on the success of the training in the States that any official gave was that between 60 per cent and 80 per cent had done well. It is significant that he had to guess; Canada knows.

Another feature of the Canadian work was the shortness of the courses. The average time it has required to get these results is under seven months, as against an average of twenty-seven months which have given the poorer results in the United States. School work and shop experience were skillfully combined, every inducement was given the men to exert themselves, and there was practically no loafing. In fact—again contrary to our experience—employers and teachers unite in saying that the returned soldier works harder, has more ambition and makes greater progress than the civilian.

Finally, there were the low costs. The average in the United States has been \$142.60 a month for twenty-seven months, a total of \$3,850 a man. In Canada it is \$820—with better results. The difference for our 167,000 trainees would be half a billion dollars!

In all this—pensions, medical aid, and rehabilitation—there is little difference between the work attempted by Canada and in the United States, except the better success our northern neighbor has achieved. But although we stop at this point, Canada does not. Her aim is "the complete re-establishment of the soldier in civil life," and she finds that even this great work is not enough and goes farther.

In the first place, she loans money to her trainees to enable them to start in trade, buy tools, equipment, or stock. She has loaned nearly \$700,000 in this way, in amounts running up to \$500, and of this \$200,000 has been repaid. It has helped 1,900 men.

A far bigger enterprise has been her work in settling soldiers on farms, usually on unused land but sometimes

in their home country. Some 28,000 or 29,000 men have been started in this way, at a cost of about \$100,000,000, many of the loans running to \$5,000. The Soldiers' Settlement Board has given more than money, however; it has protected the men from land sharks, offered them expert advice on farming, aided them in buying the best equipment, helped find markets, and in every possible way made sure that they got their feet well under them. It has had some failures, of course, but the work has averaged about 85 per cent successful and has been of untold benefit to the upbuilding of the country as well as to the men themselves.

Nor has the Department neglected the men it discharges from its hospitals. It has kept a corps of social service nurses who have made regular visits to their homes, kept track of their recovery, seen that food and surroundings were healthful, instructed wives and mothers in the care of convalescents, given advice and often actual help in all kinds of emergencies. No man is allowed to feel that he is neglected so long as any need remains.

One of the most difficult problems has been with men who are too badly disabled to make a living in the competitive market, yet have some ability and desire for activity. A large part of these are mental cases, and many are disabled by other things than war service, so that they cannot draw full

pensions. For their benefit the Department, both by itself and through the Red Cross, has established "Veteran Shops" where such men have sheltered employment, doing each day light work equal to their strength and being paid for it. These shops are run at a loss of around \$30 a month, most of which is met by the Department, but this loss is far less than the direct support of these unfortunates would be.

More than a thousand men of this kind have been cared for. They do all kinds of light work, make toys or furniture or ornaments, weave baskets or cloth, repair furniture and utensils. Their products are sold in the open market without any taint of charity. In every way their self-respect and self-reliance are increased; and perhaps the best of the achievements of these shops has been that hundreds of men have been stimulated and encouraged to the point where they have been able to go back to normal employment.

Such is the Canadian record. It has not been without its mistakes, the results here reported often have been achieved only after several failures have pointed out the right way, but always the Department has hunted for its mistakes instead of covering them, and has corrected them quickly.

It has not been spared complaints or criticism. In the last year the veterans' organization has carried on a brisk campaign directed chiefly against the

Pension Board, which resulted in very extensive hearings by a Royal Commission. At the recent convention of the association resolutions were adopted calling for many changes.

But compared to the storm that has raged around the United States Veterans' Bureau these are mere whispers. Moreover, a reading of the complaints and resolutions shows that they are very different from most of the criticisms made in this country. They are mostly by people "complaining in their own interest," as one commissioner put it; demands for bigger pensions, for pensions or care not now allowed, for bigger training and hospital allowances. There are almost no complaints of the actual working of the Department. And there is this curious thing about the complaints, that they are hardly ever from native Canadians. When the Commission sat in one of the western provinces it heard 307 complainants not one of whom had been born in Canada.

In spite of its failures at the start and in spite of the mumblings still heard, the great fact remains that Canada has done almost in full for her veterans the things which we have done only in part. She has assured each man the best medical care and has seen him fairly started on the road to self-respecting and prosperous independence. Her success is the measure by which we can judge our own failure.

THE SALMON RUN

BY HJALMAR RUTZEBECK

AUTHOR OF "ALASKA MAN'S LUCK" AND "MY ALASKAN IDYLL"

WILL there be cans of red salmon on your grocer's shelf ten years from now? Possibly there will be, but quite as probably there will be none, for in the waters of the northwest Pacific the salmon are making their last stand.

When the salmon come from the ocean, storming through the gates to the far-winding fiords and rivers, leaping, crowding, pressing on against the exhilarating currents of fresh water, they are followed by the hordes that prey on them. Schools of porpoises strung out in encircling lines hem them round, dash in, crush, devour. Seals, gliding silently and swiftly through the water, take their toll. Blackfish, sharks, and the swift-pouncing lamprey follow and feast. Eagles, soaring above, drop swiftly down to the water, and flap slowly with glistening, writhing salmon clutched in the sharp, cruel talons.

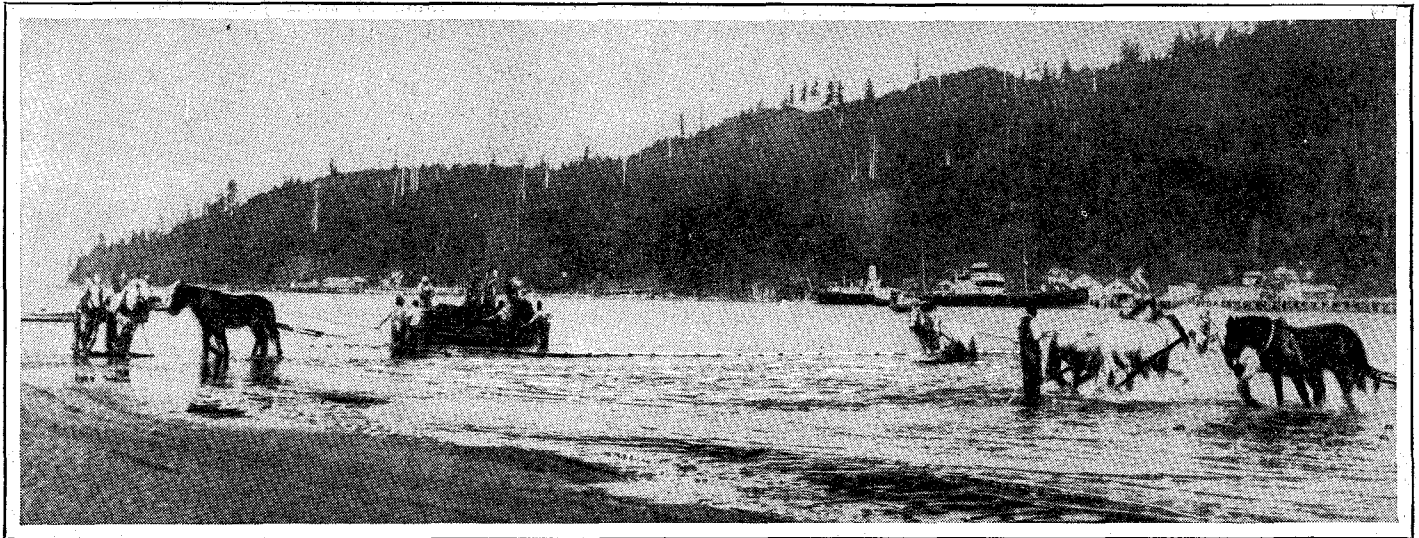
And then, when the commotion in the water and the screaming birds in the air tell the tale of the salmon run,

man sets out to take his share. Swift boats with purse seines hurry to the fishing-grounds. The signal is given, the net streams out, a circle is made by the boat, the two ends are joined, the bottom is rapidly drawn together, and the purse is made. The seine is drawn closer. It becomes smaller and smaller. The salmon desperately circle around, trying to find an outlet, jumping out of the water, crowding in the farther bend of the net. The purse becomes steadily smaller, the water foams with their efforts to escape, and their silver sides are gleaming in the sunlight. Five hundred, a thousand—the man is brailing them out and tossing them into the hold of the boat. Two thousand, four thousand. The sun is almost down, and they are still brailing out salmon with the dip-net. The boat sinks low in the water. Five thousand—it's a big haul. All around, on the sound, other boats are doing the same. It looks as if the salmon will have no chance to spawn this year. The sun

sinks, and some of the salmon speed on, broken up from the massed hordes that they were, but persistent in their desire to press on, on, to find the source of the fresh water that comes from their birthplaces.

Night has come, and it is dark. The salmon sweep on, sometimes singly or in schools, but often in pairs, male and female. They have neared the shore. Tall mountains shade the moon and the deep water runs swiftly, carrying with it the sweet water.

They stop suddenly. What is it? A wire mesh bars the way. They dive. It goes clear to the bottom. They follow it, swimming out away from the shore. Again they encounter the mesh. They turn, and again they meet it. Around and around they swim, faster and faster. More salmon come and race around. They grow tired and dive. There is a way—a tunnel made of the mesh. Other salmon are plunging through. They follow, and find themselves in a small



Ewing Galloway, New York

SEINING SALMON WITH HORSES, AT THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON

inclosure of heavy mesh. Again they circle, and again they find a tunnel. They plunge through it and are caught. It is a small chamber with mesh walls. There are hundreds of salmon, and more coming in. They are crowding, milling, rushing hither and thither, gasping for fresh clean water, and getting slimy, scaly, lifeless water in their gills.

Daylight comes, and they sink down, settling on top of one another. Men come in boats and, mounting the piles of the trap, look down. There are salmon there, but it is hard to see how many. The cannery tender comes, and the trap is raised. Slowly the bottom of the trap is lifted toward the surface of the water, bringing the salmon with it. They are powerless to resist, and they crowd ever closer on the bottom as they rise towards the top, pushed from beneath by the lifting mesh. The hands in the boat brail them out, and by the dozen, the score, they go over the rail. A hundred, five hundred, a thousand, two thousand, a good night's catch. The salmon squirm and gasp for a few moments in the stinking hold of the cannery tender, and then they lie still, packed tight, a sea of dead fish and slime.

But out in the fiord salmon are jumping. The porpoises are hunting, and the seals still glide swiftly through the water, diving deep and coming up at the salmon from beneath—up, up, to where they leap out of the water in terror, only to fall back into the grinning white fangs of the hunter.

They are scattered and swim deep. The early ferocious attacks of man, beast, and bird have taught them a lesson. They lie low in the water and stay away from the surface.

The wind has quieted. The fiord is like a mirror, and is disturbed only by the porpoises lazily breaking the surface, as they sleepily swim back and forth, resting from the savage feast. High in the sky eagles soar, mere

specks, immobile, while along the shore, on the black cliffs and seaweed-covered rocks, white sea-gulls doze in clusters and in rows.

The tide has gone out and it is evening. The quiet of the earth and the sea give confidence to the hiding fish. Little they like to fear and dodge and lie low. Their nature is to swim close to the surface, to leap, to play, to rush along in foaming hordes, their silvery sides gleaming. The sun is low, the tide has run out, and the current ceases. Then the smooth water is broken. A salmon leaps out and falls back with a splash. More salmon break through, exultantly jumping. The porpoises appear as if from everywhere, breaking the water in long skirmish lines, and from the sheltering bays come the purse-seiners. The hunt is on again!

Night falls, if night it can be called when the sky stays sunlit and the air between the mountains grows but dusk. The tide turns, and, cowed by the hunting hosts, the salmon again dive deep and swim on, guided by the sweet water.

The mouth of the river is reached. They have passed many rivers, clear streams, and gray, silt-laden glacier streams, and they have played in the swelling waters of each, and then moved on. Now the right one has been reached, and what are left of the scattered salmon have again assembled and wait in the brackish water. They are there, the fishermen know, for the seals are there in numbers and the porpoises hang around in great lazy schools. Purse-seiners lie watching in every cove, and gill-net boats float like motionless specks on the still inlet with their nets strung out, spanning at places the entire fiord, waiting for the salmon.

The sky becomes overcast, threatening rain and storm, and the salmon begin to move. At first it can be seen only by an occasional bobbing cork on the gill-nets where some unfortunate

fish is strangling. Then as the wind comes up they move faster, and presently the inlet is alive with jumping salmon, plunging porpoises, and gas boats wallowing in the rising sea.

The gill-nets fill with struggling, bleeding fish. They are laid out, hauled in, and laid out again. It seems impossible that the salmon can get by that barrier, determined to catch them to the last single one. But the gale increases. The boats are in danger of swamping, and the fishermen, hauling in their nets, run for shelter, leaving the mouth of the river unobstructed.

What are left of the harassed salmon move on. There are more males than females, and they vengefully wound each other whenever they can. The weaker ones fall behind to be snapped at and tormented to death by the gluttonous trout, or become stuck on the shallow riffles where sea-gulls pounce upon them, pricking out their eyes, or the many eagles, sitting on the gravel bars or hovering above, grab them, pull them up on dry land and devour them bit by bit. Constantly, ceaselessly, the hunt goes on. The seals and porpoises have been left behind, but otter and mink, bear and fox, all come to the river at night to feed, while all day long the sea-gulls pounce and prick and scream, and blinded salmon blunder around in madness on the shallows.

Steadily diminishing in numbers, the salmon move up the river. They take on red and purple hues, and the elongated snouts of the males grow longer and more hooked, while their protruding teeth become formidable weapons.

When they reach the lakes which are the spawning grounds, the bursting roe of the females let them know that the time for the great event has come. Often there are more males than females, and here and there the water is red-stained and muddy from their desperate fighting for the chance to spread their sperm over the precious eggs. Sometimes in their fervor

they sluice the eggs out of the nest for the ever-present trout to snatch up, or cover the unfertilized ones with sand and silt.

But sometimes a male and a female manage to be left alone. They swim together in a secluded pool. Quietly they lie by day, but at night they work. They sluice, they gouge, they dive down, and take pieces of water-soaked wood and pebbles out of the hole. When the nest is complete and of such a size that they can lie together in the bottom of it, she releases her spawn. He swims about in ecstasy, throwing his sperm, until the water becomes a milky gray. Again he rushes from her, driving away the trout that are trying to dive into the nest to steal the eggs. He is savage, joyful, ecstatic.

Slowly the female rises from the nest. She is careful that the motion of her tail does not sluice out the eggs. Together they fill the hollow with silt and sand until the bottom looks as it did before. Then they rest, lying side by side. They are gaunt and spent, and yet it seems that they still have a mission to perform. They grow weaker daily, but they remain on the nest, driving away the slender, slinking salmon trout and the bold cut-throat.

Weeks pass, and they are still in the pool. They can only move slowly, and when the rain-storms of autumn swell the creeks they are covered there in the pool, like the eggs, with silt and sand. Their bodies slowly disintegrate until they form a meal-like substance, which will be the main nourish-

ment of their young when they wriggle out of the gravel.

It is very probable that some year soon no salmon will get the chance to reach the spawning grounds. The odds against them seem insurmountable already, and every year men learn more about their habits and invent new and more deadly methods of catching them. Little of real value is being done to protect and propagate this species, the sock-eye salmon. Hatchery men say it is a difficult problem, yet a way must be found. If Americans could realize the situation as it is, perhaps a genius would appear to show the way to make use of the most valuable fishing resource in America, the thousands of miles of natural spawning grounds in Alaska.

CENTRAL AMERICA—AN EXPORT FIELD

BY JOSEPH B. STRAUSS, C.E., M.E.

THERE is an undoubted revival of interest on the part of Central and South American countries in the economic welfare and the defense of the Panama Canal. This is probably due to the results of our combined fleet maneuvers of last spring which culminated in the theoretical destruction of the Canal by Admiral Eberle's "Black Fleet."

Lacking defensive island "vestibules," the protection of the Canal depended upon the Atlantic Fleet's watchfulness over both its eastern and western entrances. Anticipating the disposition of Admiral Jones's Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Eberle was enabled to concentrate the "Black Fleet" around the Gulf of Fonseca and send attacking aerial forces over the route of the proposed Nicaraguan Canal, down the Caribbean coast to the Canal Zone, and over the Canal, where 264 dummy bombs were dropped upon the locks, and, according to the referees of the war games, the Canal was put out of commission for at least two years.

Here is, then, a weak link in our chain of National defense and a menacing factor to trade extension southward. For with the destruction of the Canal would come the fall of Latin American commerce, in so far as the west coast of South America is concerned, together with the possibility of the economic development of the Central American republics coming to a standstill. There is no question concerning the real value of the Panama Canal to Latin America, hence from an economic and defensive standpoint all Latin America is equally concerned with us in the maintenance and protection of the famous waterway.

When the Canal was completed and

opened to traffic, a Latin American dream of four centuries' standing became a reality. Colombia, Ecuador,



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THIS GENTLEMAN IS NOT TRYING TO STRANGLE AN IRATE REPTILE—HE IS MERELY HOLDING UP A BUNCH OF BANANAS FOR INSPECTION
26,000,000 bunches just like this one in the picture are shipped to the United States annually—a total of fifty bananas for every man, woman, and child in the United States

Bolivia, Peru, and Chile found the distance to European markets shortened by thousands of miles, and the west coast of Central America, previously cut off by the saw-toothed range of the Cordilleras, became an open market to the United States and Europe. From the trade standpoint alone, North and South America have a common interest and a common problem in any canal across the narrow divide of Central America.

Thus it is that in addition to a common political ideal, in that Latin American republics and the United States base their governments upon the idea of practical democracy, all of the republics of the Western Hemisphere should be deeply interested in a closer mutual alignment of commercial enterprises and in the consolidation of a common defense. Evidences of a more complete understanding of these aspirations and problems between the republics of the Western Hemisphere are bobbing up every day in diplomatic and commercial intercourse.

Pan-Americanism, so called, is the tangible evidence of an increasing solidarity of interests, and the American Naval Mission to Brazil is a concrete expression of a mutual effort to consolidate the defenses of the American republics for the general welfare of the continent. There are, however, many problems to be solved before it can be said with truth that the desire for a complete economic and defensive union has become a reality.

Down to date, practically all of the efforts of the United States and Latin America to reach perfect accord in these matters have been in the realm of diplomacy. It is high time, there-



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COFFEE—ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EXPORT CROPS IN CENTRAL AMERICA

This illustration shows a coffee tree on a plantation in Salvador. Coffee raised in Salvador is of the finest quality, and nearly a hundred million pounds is produced annually. The proceeds from the coffee crop alone in 1922 were more than sufficient to pay off Salvador's total indebtedness

fore, for the business men of North and Latin America to put their shoulders to the wheel and by co-operative measures cement and solidify the principles and practical features embraced in the international movement known as Pan-Americanism. This means nothing less than the rehabilitation and development of Latin American industries.

The industrial situation in Central America presents no great difficulties in relation to rapid development, and the republics constituting that section of our hemisphere are on the threshold of an abundant prosperity. Heretofore, however, the economic development of Central America has been a matter of great difficulty. For three hundred years the Spanish rulers filched the lands of their minerals and natural products, until at the begin-

ning of the nineteenth century the entire region of Central America was frightfully impoverished and in a state of absolute bondage. Then followed ten years of grueling war, ending in the independence of the republics. The very effort put forth to gain their independence left the new nations in desperate economic circumstances.

This country promptly acknowledged and recognized the independence of the Central American republics, but, intent upon developing its own enormous territories, left Central America pretty much to itself with respect to economic and industrial development and stability. The Governments of the southern republics endeavored to carry on by schemes of internal finance which, due to internal chaos and exhaustion, were unavailing;

hence outside capital was sought. The United States not being responsive, Europe was appealed to, with a result that the greater portion of the international capital invested in Central America has come from Great Britain, France, and Germany.

"Peaceful penetration" is, in a sense, fully as much of a menace to the Monroe Doctrine as armed interference; thus the time has arrived for the business men of the United States to co-operate with the Governments and with private enterprise in Central America by the exportation of capital from our country to those republics for the express purpose of developing the industries therein and building up markets for American products.

It is a business axiom that until money is exported goods cannot be exported. The outstanding example of this truth is the British Empire, which has poured investment capital into the richest areas of the world, and that capital has been followed by prompt and well-organized colonization and commercial expansion. Three-quarters of the British Empire has been built up around foreign-invested capital. This is not an argument for imperialism or for the extension of the territory of the United States, but it is an argument for a more complete hegemony between the republics of this hemisphere and for the expansion of our foreign trade.

As a matter of fact, Central America is a logical market for American business enterprise, and the present moment is propitious. Stable governments, standardized currency, and a common interest make it feasible and desirable, if not imperative, that we begin immediately to extend our commercial interests in that direction.

It does seem as though American business men were suffering from a European fever. Only a few days since members of the New York Stock Exchange complained that Europe's financial plight was curtailing our foreign markets. A gloomy prediction of a long session of "hard times" in this country because the established markets abroad were being closed to us seemed to be the meat of the discussion. While these men were talking, the news was flashed that England had granted a £40,000,000 loan to Argentina; but this loan, up to the extent of \$175,000,000, was in the form of credits for British merchandise—thousands of tons of steel rails and railway equipment to be supplied by British industries and carried to Argentina in British bottoms. Moreover, a short time ago £2,500,000 Port of Buenos Aires five per cent bonds were snapped up in London within five minutes after being placed on sale at Lloyds.

Now look at the other picture. Here we are, the richest nation in the world,

with our Treasury holding the surplus wealth of the world—nearly \$5,000,000,000 in gold—and it is practically impossible for us to see the markets of Central and South America right under our noses.

If we could once get our eyes turned from European turmoil toward these Central American republics, enormously rich in natural resources and just about at the primary stage of development, "hard times" would not be known in our industrial life. Bound closely together by political, diplomatic, defensive, and economic ties, the republics of this hemisphere should get together on a co-operative plan for the mutual development of their natural resources and trade.

To those who desire merely to sell goods the importance of American investments may not at first be fully comprehended, but it is true that the seller is directly benefited, and if he is himself an investor he will receive direct returns from his money placed in a railway, in manufacture, in agriculture, or in cattle enterprises, and at the same time secure immediate returns through the commercial end.

The building up of the banana industry in Central America with American capital shows how trade follows investment. Miles and miles of railways were built to handle the banana business, which meant the sale of thousands of tons of American rails. Then all of the equipment such as bolts, nuts, angle-bars, switch stands, fishplates, and spikes came from this country. The wharf material, loading machinery, engines, coal, tools, lubricants, rolling stock, repair shop equipment, tanks, pumps, windmills, electric lighting plants, in fact everything necessary to build and operate railways, came from the United States.

In developing the banana plantations enormous areas of primeval jungle were reduced to a state of cultivation. This required sawmills and their equipment, engines, boilers,

wood-working machinery, axes, mattocks, machetes, rope, saws, dynamite, fuse and caps, barbed wire, harnesses, chains, stump-pullers, brier hooks, plows, cables, et cetera, all of which were imported from the United States and are still being imported.

Then shops, office buildings, houses for the employees, hotels, and hospitals had to be built. This called for the importation from the United States of lumber, lime, cement, brick, iron rods, framing, roofing, patent plastering, paper, glass, galvanized pipe, drain pipe, cast pipe, paint, plumbing equipment, crockery, furniture, bedding, glassware, ice plants, electrical equipments, pumps, telephones, and all the essentials for forty or fifty towns, little cities, and hamlets. Following these developments came stores, residences, stations, and depots with millions of dollars' worth of equipment and supplies. All this in turn furnished employment for superintendents, managers, doctors, office men, engineers, locomotive men, railway men, mechanics, carpenters, plumbers, expert electricians, telegraphers, repair men, bookkeepers, and stenographers.

Not only did this influx of American personnel require housing and feeding, but they and the well-paid employees recruited from the population of Central America began to demand

luxuries in the shape of fine clothing, pianos, organs, phonographs, sweets, tobacco, household conveniences, and all sorts of dry goods, notions, rubber goods, and medical supplies. All these came from the United States; and following the investment and development of the banana industry came a fleet of vessels under the American flag, increasing the market for shipbuilders and ship-chandlers, and furnishing rapid communication between the United States and Central America, all to the mutual advantage of the countries concerned.

These are some of the results of the investment of American capital in a single industry in Central America, and it does not take a prophet to vision how great a factor in our foreign commerce the further development of that region will become. In the expansion of the coffee, rubber, tobacco, chicle, cattle, mahogany, and mining industries Central America needs machinery and equipment for railways and highways, electrical machinery, manufacturing equipment, coal, and many other products of American origin.

Here is an outlet for American goods of every description, from canned goods to expensive manufactures; and the further employment of American capital in Central America will operate to the benefit of mutual trade and add to the sum of prosperity. It is true that prosperity breeds contentment, that healthy industry is a panacea for political ills. Our increased trade with Central America and its future development by the added investment of capital from American sources will assist in maintaining the strength of those nations through whose territory we have purchased a zone and cut one canal and have a perpetual right to cut another. The defense of those waterways is of vital importance to this country, and that defense will be strengthened by a happy co-operative intercourse between the Central American republics and ourselves.

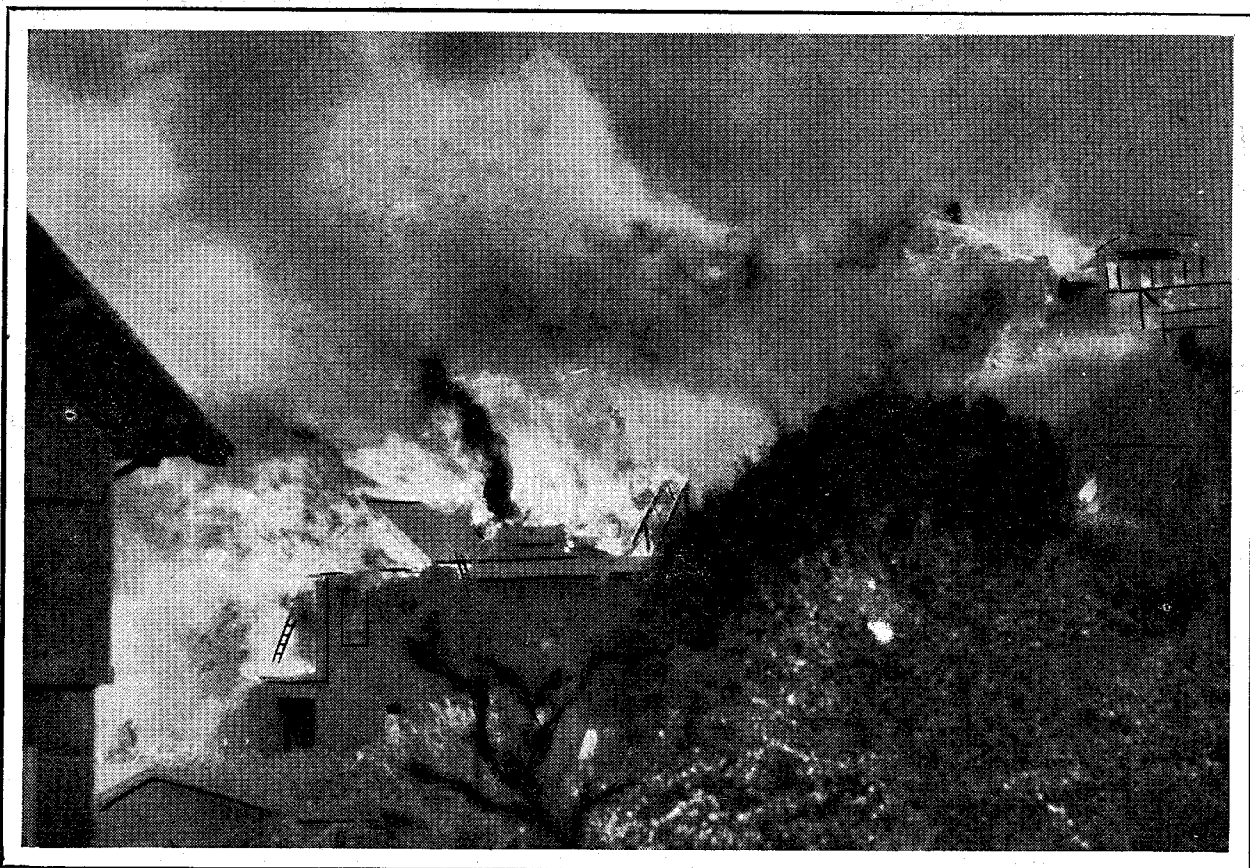


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A PORTION OF A HERD OF CATTLE ON THE RANCH OF RAFAEL RODEZNO, THE CATTLE KING OF CENTRAL AMERICA

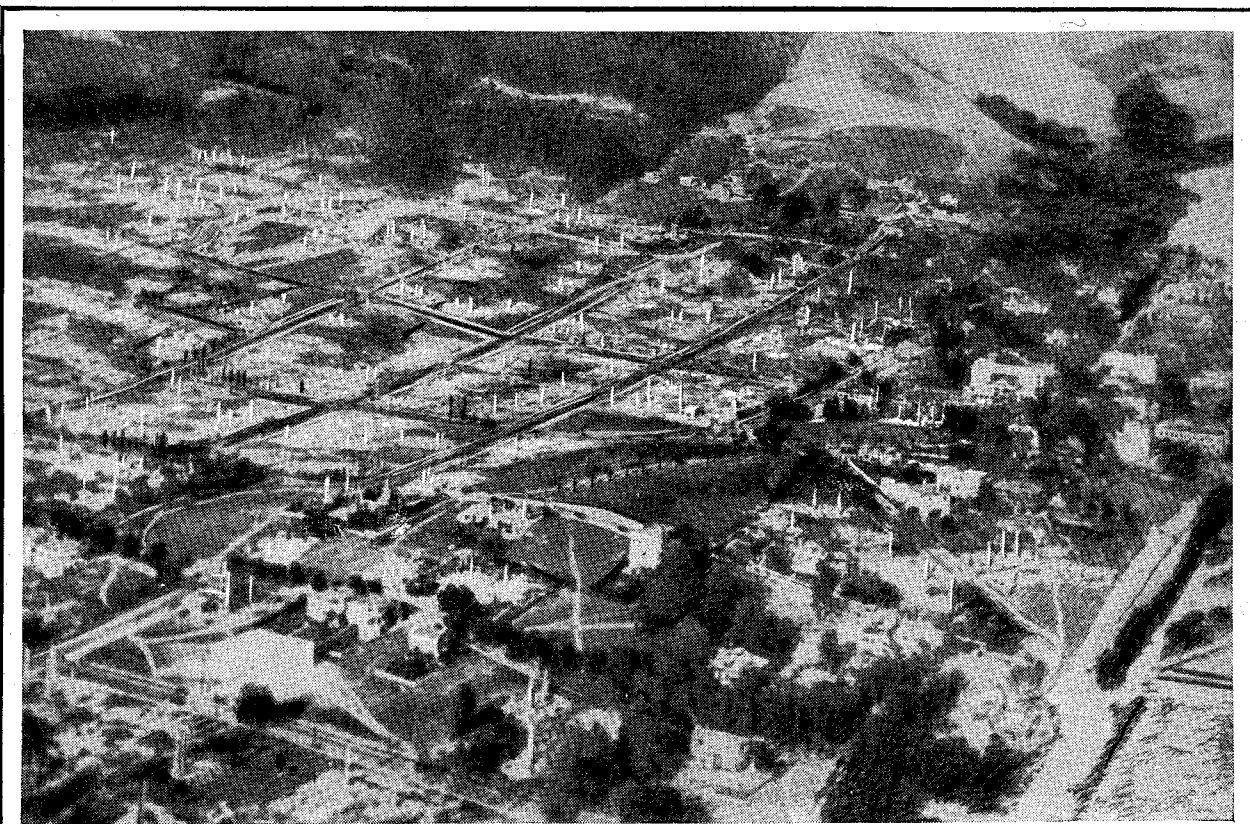
With luscious fattening grasses imported from South Africa and Argentina, together with indigenous varieties, steers are fattened in from six to eight months. This makes cattle-raising in Central America particularly profitable

BLAZING AND BLASTED BERKELEY



Underwood

THE CONFLAGRATION AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, RESULTING IN THE
DESTRUCTION OF HUNDREDS OF HOUSES AND A PROPERTY LOSS OF
MANY MILLIONS



P. & A. Photos. Copyright, 1923, by C. E. Russell

AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF BERKELEY AFTER THE FIRE

THE BOOK TABLE

DRINKWATER'S NEW PLAY¹

BY DAVID MORTON

IN this play of nine scenes John Drinkwater has succeeded in revealing the soul of a people against the background of disastrous experience. In the effort to present their leader, in a living figure, convincing and real, he has been less successful. A reader is tempted to believe that, as the play progressed, it was the larger and more sweeping aspect that engaged the author's attention to an increasing degree. Lee remains central to the action throughout; but the stricken South, as a spiritual adventure, as the embodiment of a heroic and tragic mood, becomes the theme, and it is a theme handled with understanding and revealing skill.

Save in the first three scenes—where Lee's struggle with conflicting loyalties is presented—the Southern leader is a sentimentally idealized figure. Unfortunately for the purposes of character-drawing, Lee, for all of us, has become a wholly idealized legend, a figure that even hard-headed history has not succeeded in realizing. It was not to be expected that Drinkwater, an avowed hero-worshiper, would succeed where the unromantic historian has failed. Lee was large and mellow with humanities. So much is beyond question, and so he is represented in the play. But to suppose that he was this only—and to present him so in the play—is to leave unexplained his military achievements and the manly admiration tendered him by contemporaries in life—and, what is more to the point, here, in the play, as well. It should be said, though, that, in presenting this aspect of his hero, Mr. Drinkwater's phrasing and incident are delicate and beautiful and poignant. What one misses is the iron that was in the soldier, to balance the milk of human kindness that was in the man. The latter is too exclusively insisted upon; one gets no feeling of the strength of the man, only of his softness.

But where the play is thrillingly successful is in the picture and narrative of an old, heroic, and beautiful civilization shaken to its foundations and collapsing before the amazed and sorrowful gaze of its products and defenders. The theme itself wears the glamour that invests always the lost cause and the proud loyalty and the valiant martyrdom. These are rich sources of emotional and dramatic content, and they contribute richly to the moods, now predominantly sorrow-



JOHN DRINKWATER

ful, now proud and heroic, which cloud the play. The pathos of loss, of stricken pride, of hopeless devotion—and, finally, of passionate memory—broods over the play, and sobbs articulately with a beautiful and sorrowful poetry in the later scenes. The physical condition of desolation in the South, the bedragglement and nakedness and starvation of its defenders, form the background against which the spirit of the characters plays like a lean, revealing flame.

This element in the play is supplied largely by four young soldiers—each highly individualized, yet all vividly representative of their homeland; and it is in the moody effects of these lights of the spirit that the play moves ever into darker country and into final disaster.

Save for a gradual tightening of the movement toward the action on Malvern Hill and the event at Spottsylvania Court House, there is little in the way of dramatic development toward any pivotal climax.

The play resembles the author's "Lincoln" in its loose construction, its succession of nearly unrelated scenes. Yet it is not barren of the element of

suspense, and there are dramatic incidents of telling effect—as in the announcement of the death of Jackson at a critical moment, followed by similar news of Stewart, the off-stage battle at Malvern Hill, and the interview between Lee and Davis. These things punctuate with flashes the moody, darkening shadow of defeat in which the play moves.

Two criticisms have been prominently made of the play. Mr. Drinkwater has been accused of putting speeches into the mouth of Lee which the Southern leader would never have used. Mr. Drinkwater might reply—along with Shakespeare and many others—that he is writing, not history or biography, but drama, and that, within reasonable limits, the only pertinent question is as to whether the character is self-consistent within the play.

Another criticism—pressed by critics who saw the performance in London—is that the play takes too little account of the political issues out of which the struggle arose. The answer is, I think, that the political issues lie outside the domain occupied by the play, which is the behavior of great

¹ Robert E. Lee. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.50.

and suffering spirits at the moment of failing aims and defeated hopes. For this purpose the struggle alone is a necessary circumstance; the issues out of which it grew are already old and irrelevant when the play opens.

"Robert E. Lee" is a play of defeat, as has been suggested; but it is, to an

even more pronounced degree, a play of the untouched integrity and clear survival of the spirit above the transient circumstances of defeat. Despite the *dénouement* in the blackest hour that the protagonists have known, the reader is left in the mood of exaltation that attends spiritual triumph.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

FOMBOMBO. By T. S. Stribling. The Century Company, New York. \$1.90.

Mr. Stribling's "Birthright" dwelt insistently on what some Southern whites regard as the moral and physical taint of Negro blood, regardless of education and aspiration. In "Fombombo" he presents the typical Latin-American political adventurer—cruel, sensual, remorseless, voluble and subtle in discourse, "Liberator" until he gets power, then Dictator and tyrant. To emphasize all this, he throws an American "drummer," who out-Babbitts Babbitt in his devotion to business jargon, into the turmoil of plotting and fighting. The story holds the fixed attention of the reader. The situations have grim humor, but the publisher's description of the novel as "a rollicking comedy" is far from apt; it comes nearer being a painful melodrama. Human charity forbids us to accept it as a complete presentation of Latin-American life and character.

OLIVER OCTOBER. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

The people in this story are amusing, especially the devoted old men who watch with fear and trembling Oliver's career lest the gypsy's prediction that he would be hanged or near-hanged come to pass. It does; the reader finds that the gypsy whom he long takes for a joke must be taken seriously. In fact, the whole plot is pure "punk."

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

HISTORY OF OREGON (A). By Charles Henry Carey. The Pioneer Historical Publishing Company, Chicago-Portland.

This large volume contains a vast amount of material relating to Oregon's history up to the end of the World War. The story reads like a romance—discovery, exploration, battles of settlers with Indians, the coming of the railway, the gradual development of the region and its growth as a State. Primarily of interest to Oregonians, the book will be of special usefulness as a reference work, its unusually complete index making it very convenient for this purpose.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY. By Robert Lynd. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

Quietly humorous or reflective informal talks about big things and little—phases of nature, aspects of life, or by-paths of literature. The author

has charm of style and a tolerant philosophy.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

HILL TOWNS OF THE PYRENEES. By Amy Oakley. The Century Company, New York. \$4.

Excellent co-operation between writer and illustrator has made this a notably good book of travels. The Pyrenees have never had more enthusiastic advocates as a scenic wonderland than Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, and their enthusiasm easily spreads its contagion to the reader. The author is lively and entertaining in her descriptions and the artist's pen-and-ink drawings are bold and effective.

POETRY

DAILY BREAD. By Wilfred Gibson. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.

This is a new edition—and a rewritten version—of a group of dramatic poems by an English author too little read in America. All the poems are in the form of dialogue, and a certain uniform feeling and approach to the large subject of life and destiny throughout the seventeen dramas justifies their separate publication in a single volume. The theme running through the poems is that of life—precarious, passionate, desperate—constantly menaced and inevitably defeated by death. The personæ and setting being among the poor, in their hard-pressed circumstances and dangerous occupations, this theme is reduced to its lowest and most obvious terms. It is impossible to miss the contemporary note of the inflamed social conscience. Yet, in a larger and more lasting sense, the feeling is the feeling of the old Greek tragedies, and the protagonists are the same—man and his fate. But the persons are fishermen and miners, instead of kings; and the disastrous doom emanates from the sea and the pit, instead of from angered gods. Some of the dramas are more successful than others. Those which are set against the brooding background of the sea with its insatiable cruelty are the most moving. Thus "The Betrothed" and "The Family's Pride" succeed completely, where "The Wound" barely escapes morbid melodrama. Nor does "The Firstborn," with its declension upon bland and smiling sentimentality, belong in this neighborhood of tragic grandeur. But for the most part the book is a more

serious and responsible projection of the eternal enigma than is common in these days of the little and the precious.

SCIENCE

SYMBOL OF SAFETY (A). By Harry Chase Brearley. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The exact nature of the work done by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., of Chicago (organized and maintained by the National Underwriters Association), and the grueling tests that various manufactured products must go through before they are entitled to receive the award of the word "Inspected," over the name of the Laboratories, are fully described in a decidedly lucid and interesting manner without becoming in the least involved in scientific and engineering technology. The book tells how the Chicago testing laboratories and their great inspection service were initiated at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago, thirty years ago. Beginning with three men and \$350 worth of apparatus installed in a small room, the service has since grown to such an extent that there are 450 employees, and the Underwriters' labels bearing the word "Inspected" were pasted on 600,000,000 articles of manufacture last year. Rigid tests are made, not only on building materials but on all sorts of appliances that might be installed in and increase the fire risk of insured buildings. While the chief point of view in testing any product is from the obvious one of inflammability, it is found impossible in actual practice to separate that quality from other general qualities of worth and reliability.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

PRINCE OF WALES. By F. Maynard Bridge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

HISTORY OF MUSIC (A). By Paul Landormy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

ECONOMICS OF THE HOUR (THE). By J. St. Loe Strachey. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

FOUNDATIONS OF THE MODERN COMMONWEALTH (THE). By Arthur N. Holcombe. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.

ROME OR DEATH. By Carleton Beals. The Century Company, New York City. \$2.50.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ART OF THOMAS HARDY (THE). By Lionel Johnson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.

SOME MODERN AUTHORS. By S. P. B. Mais. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

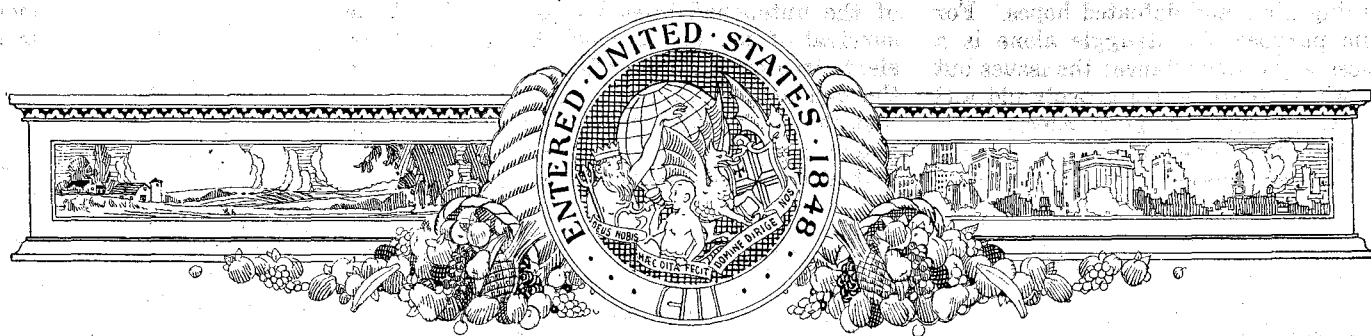
JESUS AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Francis A. Henry. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

EDUCATIONAL

ECONOMICS OF THE HOUSEHOLD. By Benjamin R. Andrews. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SCIENCE

CIVILIZATION AND THE MICROBE. By Arthur I. Kendall. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.



DEFENDING A NATION'S PROSPERITY

*Seventy-five Years of Service in the United States celebrated this year
by The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, Limited*



HE bulwarks of civilization are never really safe. From the crude shelters built by pioneers as they press on across fresh frontiers, to the newest and mightiest business blocks of steel and concrete, every phase

of the efforts of men and industries to entrench themselves against the dangers that threaten their labors, are attended by subtle and multitudinous menaces. It seems that risks and hazards that no one can predict lurk along every inch of the way.

For centuries science has bent itself energetically to the task of safeguarding human activities against such risks and hazards. And out of this world-old effort there has risen a special science that has addressed itself specifically to the undertaking of making financial provision against certain risks in the business of life. It is the science of insurance.

The principle of insurance has gradually and steadily become a fixed element of the life of enlightened nations. To-day it surrounds human activities, great and small, with a protective influence designed to offset accident, interruption, and disaster, and to guard against damage and loss due to a great variety of causes.

In this uncommonly important task of insuring individuals and concerns against damage and loss, it has been the privilege of The Liverpool and

London and Globe Insurance Co., Ltd., to perform a substantial service throughout a long period of years.

THE theatre of action of this company is world-wide in scope. It is very literally a "theatre of action," since no business on earth is more closely identified with dramatic events than the insurance business.

It writes policies in every language spoken by civilized peoples. It has for generations been privileged to stand by innumerable communities when the air was ruddy with flames and thick with the smoke of conflagrations, and likewise to pay losses involved by many causes other than fire. For, although it is known primarily as "the great fire insurance company of the world," it does large volumes of business in other fields of insurance, notably automobile, tornado, sprinkler leakage, explosion, use and occupancy, postal, profits, transportation, commissions, tourists' baggage, hail, and strike, riot, and civil commotion.

In a larger sense, The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., in the course of its world-wide activities, has taken its place as the business partner of a vast number of people and businesses. By insuring them against loss, it has had the pleasure, so to speak, of underwriting the prosperity of countless communities. By exerting this steadying and reassuring influence in lands near and remote,

it has endeavored to contribute to the peace of mind and tranquillity of those it serves, so that men might labor with less anxiety, and be troubled by fewer misgivings, and be hampered by less apprehension.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., Ltd., began serving the American public. That was in the year 1848; and the period between 1848 and 1923 has witnessed the enactment of vast changes in the social and industrial life of the United States. From the humble levels of 1848, the nation was destined, during that intervening span, to mount to stupendous peaks of civic and industrial achievements. And in this dramatic rise, The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., Ltd., was destined to enact an interesting and useful service.

Its broad experience, in the underwriting of the prosperity of communities, the extent of its reserves, the vision and integrity of its officials, and local confidence in the judgment of its agents, enabled the company to establish itself firmly and permanently in American life. And the company's history in America has since been closely linked with the names, places and events that comprise the history of the nation itself. Indeed, the company's building in Charleston was one of the first to be struck by a cannonball when the Confederates, firing on

The
Diamond
Anniversary

Institutional Story Advertisement

Fort Sumter, sounded the beginning of the Civil War.

Since the company's establishment here it has paid more than \$190,000,000 of losses on American property insured by its policies; it has figured prominently in indemnifying property owners on the heels of every fire of note that has occurred in this country from that day to this. It has made prompt payment of more than \$10,000,000 of losses in connection with four fires alone.

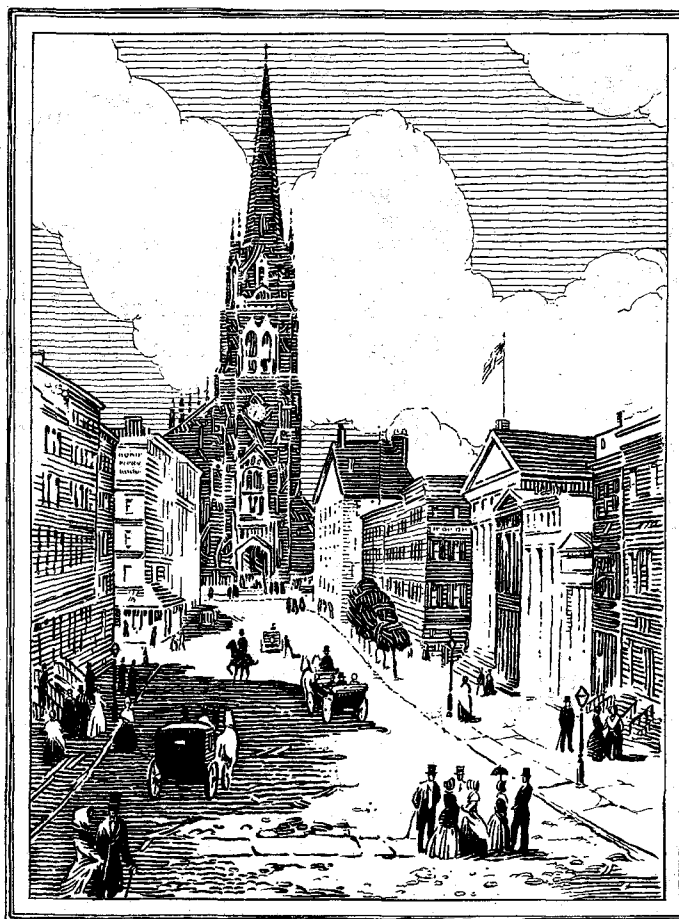
UPWARDS of ten thousand agents link the company intimately to the length and breadth of the United States. These agents, chosen with painstaking regard for their character and fitness, are interpreting the ideals and scope of the company to their various communities, and are placing the world-wide facilities of the company within quick reach of individuals and institutions.

The local work of these agents, in turn, is facilitated and is kept keyed up to its high point of proficiency by a compact, highly organized force of about a thousand officials and employees. No other insurance company has more extensive foreign connections.

These present world-wide facilities had their beginnings in 1836 in Liverpool, England, where the Liverpool Insurance Company was founded in that year. Liverpool was sending her ships to every foreign port on the map and her trade was a huge international adventure. The founders of the company wisely concluded that the safest course they could follow was to extend their insurance operations in so widespread a fashion that havoc in one locality need not prove a disastrous blow to the affairs of the company generally. This persistent policy of the distribution of risks over a substantial territorial expanse

combined with the steady accumulation of heavy reserves, became one of its fundamental principles, and accounts in a large measure for the uncommon services it has been able

ously than any other insurance company. And again, as a result of a Fourth of July fire in Portland, Maine, in the year 1866, the company faced and took prompt care of losses that were considered heavy.



Wall Street in 1848—It was here that The Liverpool and London and Globe Established its first offices in America

to render as time went on to the American people.

IF the company had actually been able to look clairvoyantly into the future, and to foresee the fires that were to rage in Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, and San Francisco, it could scarcely have cleared its decks more definitely for the rôle it was destined to play in connection with the restoration of those charred and ruined areas.

America
Profits by
Enormous
Fire
Reserves

New Orleans had a fire in 1854 that cost the company \$90,000, which was considered a good-sized loss at that period. Eight years later there was a fire in Troy, New York, which involved The Liverpool and London and Globe more seri-

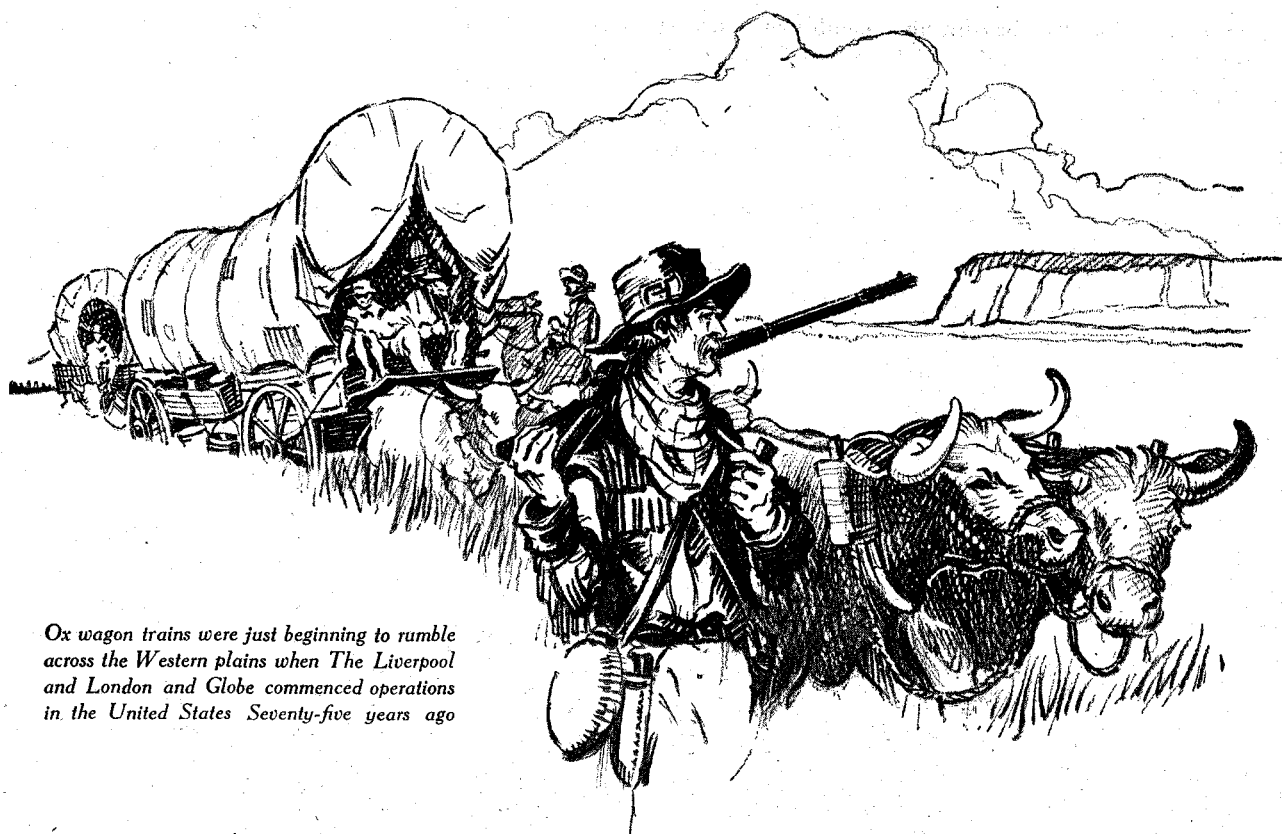
THEN came the disastrous Chicago fire of 1871. On the night of October 8th of that fateful year, a restless cow kicked a lantern, set fire to the stable which was located on the West Side of Chicago, and the now historic flames, urged by a strong gale, rapidly invaded the North Side of the city, and began devouring that wooden, combustible section.

So intense was the heat that in some instances stone was observed to disintegrate and crumble even more rapidly than wood was consumed. About nine-tenths of the buildings of the North Side were destroyed, the fire raging fiercely for twenty-eight hours and destroying property covering a total of 2,124 acres. The fire marshal estimated the total loss at \$190,526,500. Fully 17,450 buildings were destroyed.

Two hundred and fifty lives were lost and 100,000 found themselves without shelter. Temporary camps were thrown up on the outskirts of the city, and in these were huddled thousands of homeless people, many of them without money, food, or clothing.

Conditions of panic prevailed in many insurance circles. More than 200 insurance companies were involved, and more than one-third of these collapsed under the strain. It was under these awful conditions that the possession of a policy in The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., Ltd., came to hold new significance.

On the morning of October 10th, while the fire was still raging, a crowd



Ox wagon trains were just beginning to rumble across the Western plains when The Liverpool and London and Globe commenced operations in the United States Seventy-five years ago

of white-faced Chicago business men gathered on the lawn in front of a residence in Lake Forest, a North Shore suburb of Chicago. It was the residence of William Warren, The Liverpool and London and Globe's general agent at Chicago at the time of the fire. The men assembled on his lawn were holders of policies in his company. The properties of many of them had been completely swept away, and their faces were drawn with anxiety. One question was embedded heavily in their minds, and they hardly dared ask that question. They had come to find out what proportion of the losses The Liverpool and London and Globe would be able to pay. When William Warren opened the door, an elderly man, whose possessions had been literally wiped out by the fire, was the first to accost him.

"I've got only one thing left in the world," he declared pitifully, "and that's The Liverpool and London and Globe."

"Then you're just as safe as if you had every dollar of the amount of your policies in your pocket right now," answered the general agent quietly. "The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co. will meet all of its obligations to the last dollar."

The calm reply had elements of magic in it, and its effect was instantaneous.

Then and there was initiated the resolute spirit with which Chicago, to the amazement of the whole world, was to be rebuilt in record time and with invincible ardor.

A BURST of flame from a mansard roof in Boston started a fan-shaped conflagration in the autumn of 1872 which destroyed 776 buildings in the mercantile district. This fire left twenty-six Massachusetts insurance companies insolvent, with losses totalling \$30,000,000 and assets of about half that amount. Four New York companies likewise collapsed.

But again The Liverpool and London and Globe, sustaining more than half the total loss of the foreign companies, paid its claims promptly and in full.

Here were thirteen crucial months within which The Liverpool and London and Globe suffered losses totalling nearly five million dollars, caused by the Chicago fire and the Boston fire, plus the ordinary losses of that period. All of these losses were paid

as adjusted, promptly and without discount.

This baptism of fire, together with the company's ability to emerge from it unscathed, now gave it a name among insurance companies that has apparently never again been questioned nor held in doubt. It had now arrived at a point in its career at which it possessed the confidence of the public and the respect of its competitors; and it is a matter of record that The Liverpool and London and Globe has since exercised a welcome influence in the councils of insurance throughout the United States. The fires of 1871 and 1872, indeed, had drawn the surviving insurance companies into close co-operation and more sturdy fellowship.

WHEN San Francisco was singled out by the elements as the scene of a great tragedy, The Liverpool and London and Globe was again permitted to draw vigorously upon its

reserves in an hour of extraordinary need. The disaster, which occurred in April, 1906, destroyed almost the entire city, and was followed by a fire that lasted for three days and caused the loss of 1,500 lives, with

The San Francisco Tragedy

an estimated damage to property of half a billion dollars.

San Francisco, practically the product of the gold boom which began in 1848, was thus helped back on her feet by the insurance company which began its career in the United States in identically the same year. From an even start, the one had grown into a great city and the other into the business partner of towns and cities throughout the nation. Standing in the background, but ever in readiness to act in its appointed capacity if and when the moment came, The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co. was ready when San Francisco's evil hour struck.

Such was the havoc caused by this

stern and strenuous competition could not have been accomplished by The Liverpool and London and Globe without an organization that has been kept carefully tuned up and delicately responsive to the imperious demands upon it.

The Morale
of the
World

the ideals and resources of the company into tangible documentary guarantees against loss or damage to property from a variety of different causes.

The service of the company has meant much more than supplying aid in the resurrection of cities like Chicago or San Francisco after grievous

The first agents ingeniously overcame some of the many obstacles by presenting signed credentials



disaster, and in the sudden face of those terrific losses, it is not to be wondered at that delays in the settlement of claims were almost universal. About \$235,000,000 of insurance was involved, and this was carried in some 230 companies.

Of the 230 insurance companies involved in the San Francisco tragedy, it may be noted that *only five companies* paid all claims in full upon adjustment, without cash discount, except a few whose losses were nominal. One of these five companies was The Liverpool and London and Globe.

THREE quarters of a century of constantly expanding service to the American people under conditions of

It has required a patient and progressive adaptation to the changing forces and environments that have accompanied the transformation of America from the stage-coach days of 1848 to the airplane speed of to-day.

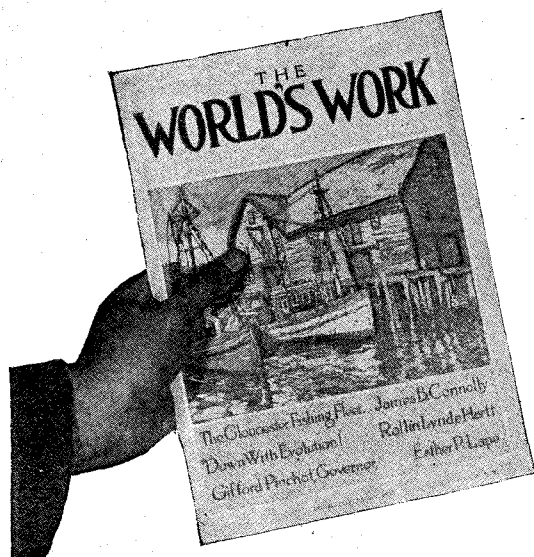
The jump in American premiums paid to the company from a meagre \$4,515 in 1848 to \$18,000,000 in 1922, indicates the expansion that has taken place between that date and this, in the company's facilities to perform a useful service in its field.

In 1848 one man, tramping the sidewalks of Manhattan, represented the company in America. To-day, more than 10,000 Americans of importance and achievement represent The Liverpool and London and Globe among their neighbors, and are translating

calamities. These spectacular forms of assistance have been important, of course, but it is rather the daily and hourly rehabilitation of isolated sufferers throughout the past seventy-five years that has comprised the great bulk of the company's performance.

Most of the \$190,000,000 of losses paid by the company since beginning its career in the United States has been the result of damage or destruction, which, although not momentous enough to be cabled round the world, has none the less meant tragic hours to individual sufferers. In standing by this continuous procession of its clients in critical hours, The Liverpool and London and Globe has had happy opportunities for the kind of service that improves the morale of the world.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1923.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold T. Pulsifer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of **THE OUTLOOK**, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Editor—Ernest H. Abbott. Managing Editor—Harold T. Pulsifer, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Business Manager—Raymond B. Bowen, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.
2. That the owners are: The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.
Stockholders of The Outlook Company owning 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock:
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Ernest H. Abbott, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City
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Walter H. Crittenden, 309 Broadway, New York City
William C. Gregg, 330 Prospect Ave., Hackensack, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HAROLD T. PULSIFER, Managing Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1923

[SEAL]

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY,
Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 72; New York County Register's No. 4063; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1924.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



(C) Underwood

America as a special correspondent.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a member of the Illinois bar and holds degrees from De Pauw University and the Harvard Law School. He is the author of "Is the Presidency a 'Hazardous Occupation'?" which appeared in The Outlook for August 22.

MELANIE EARLE KEISER, having counted Cuba as her home since she was fifteen years old, knows not only Havana and several smaller towns, but the primitive country districts of the Vuelta Abajo, or tobacco region of western Cuba. The *guajiros*, or Cuban peasants, the planters, and the American settlers have all been her neighbors, and she has an eye for the human picture wherever she finds it.

ANY one who reads the extracts from Senator Davenport's notebook which are appearing serially in The Outlook will realize at least one of the reasons why Senator Davenport is always a welcome visitor in the Outlook office. He talks as he writes—vividly and humanly. We are sorry that we know no way of getting his hearty laughter on a printed page. When the Senator laughs, work stops.



Moffett, Chicago

JOSEPH B. STRAUSS, of Chicago, is one of the world's most distinguished structural engineers. Among many bridges designed by him are the largest bascule bridge in the world, at Chicago, and the proposed Golden Gate Bridge for San Francisco, with the longest single span in the world. Mr. Strauss is particularly familiar with our trade relations with Latin America and with the problems in connection with the defense of the Panama Canal.

HERMANN HAGEDORN must seem like an old friend to most of our readers. The page of his poems which appears in this issue will be welcome to many as an indication that he is

not letting his work as a historian and Secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association wholly extinguish his poetic flame.

HJALMAR RUTZEBECK was born in Denmark in 1889, and went to sea shortly before he was thirteen years old. He has sailed in Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, German, English, and American ships, and worked ashore on several continents. He has fished for pearls in Mexico and "beachcombed" in Chile and Peru. He says that the years that he spent in Alaska are the ones that he values most.

WHY A CHURCH?

FIRST the man and woman, then the children, the family, the group of families, the tribe, the group of tribes, the little states, consolidation of states, government.

Now again, peoples of these governments can be subdivided along social, intellectual, and other lines. For instance, those interested in music, art, literature, athletics, or what not, tend to associate, from time to time at least, with people of similar interests.

It has also been advantageous to have associations of business men to talk over business conditions, to have meetings or conventions at more or less frequent intervals for the exchange of ideas or ideals, and for the stimulation of interest in their line. It seems to be generally conceded that it is advantageous for people or peoples to meet at stated times and places for the mutual exposition of ideas. Now this does not mean that every one of those present at these meetings is one hundred per cent in accord with all the points at issue; but it does mean that they are at least interested and broad-minded enough to go where they can hear various propositions discussed, even if they do not agree.

In order to emphasize the importance of an organization, a permanent place of meeting is desired, if possible; this meeting-place of itself tends to dignify the association meeting there. Now if the above discussion is accepted as a normal and true statement of the ways and means of associated groups, how about religion and its meeting-places, the church or synagogue? The church may not be more than seventy-five per cent religiously effective; yet are other organizations more effective? If other bodies are entitled to their ideals and meeting-places for discussion, why are not the religious entitled to their organizations and places of worship? The mere fact that every one who attends is not perfect proves in itself, to a great degree, the need of religion and a place to hold the discussion thereof. ROBERT R. BOYCE.



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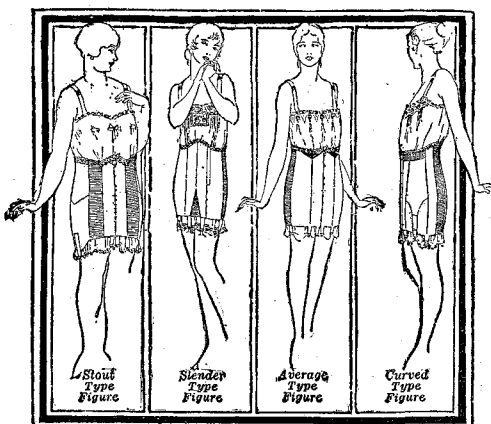
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FINANCE, TRADE, AND AGRICULTURE IN RUSSIA

BY GEORGE KENNAN

ALTHOUGH the Soviet newspapers and magazines are subject to censorship, and therefore cannot be expected to furnish all the facts that we need in order to estimate rightly the present state of affairs in Russia, they are nevertheless the best sources of information that we have. They do not perhaps tell all the truth, but they give at least such parts of it as are known to intelligent Russians generally—facts that are too notorious to be withheld from readers at home, whatever may be the latter's political opinions. It may therefore be interesting to note what Russian editors and authors say—and are allowed to say—about the present state of affairs in the fields of finance, trade, and agriculture.

The "Economicheskii Zhizn" (Economic Life), which is perhaps the most trustworthy of the Russian periodicals, states, in its issue of April 18, 1923, that the paper money put into circulation in Russia in the five-year period from January 1, 1918, to January 1, 1923, amounted in the aggregate to one quadrillion nine hundred trillion rubles. In the first four months of 1923 this amount was increased as follows:

January	634 trillions
February	607 trillions
March	1246 trillions
April	1590 trillions

From these figures it appears that in less than five years and a half the Soviet Government printed five quadrillion one hundred and seventy-seven trillion paper rubles, more than half of which were issued in the first four months of the present year. According to the Russian economist Preobrazhensky, the paper ruble, as compared with the gold ruble, decreased in value nineteen and a half million times from the beginning of the war to the end of 1922, and fifty-two million times up to April, 1923. A loaf of bread in Petrograd now costs more than two million paper rubles, and a yard of cotton cloth more than fifteen millions.

"The tragic feature of this state of affairs," "Economicheskii Zhizn" says, "is the fact that seventy per cent of the whole volume of paper money remains in Petrograd and Moscow.

Some of it goes to the provincial banks, but only an insignificant part ever reaches the peasant villages." The farming population, therefore, is compelled to resort to barter. But even in the primitive exchange of commodity for commodity the peasant is at a ruinous disadvantage, on account of the decline of manufacturing industry and the consequent scarcity of the things that he most needs. Before the war he could sell four pounds of grain and with the proceeds buy a yard of cotton cloth. Now for the same yard of cloth he has to give in barter more than forty pounds of grain. As for nails, tools, and farm hardware, they are not to be had. The country does not produce enough of them to satisfy one-quarter of the home demand, and importation is hampered, if not wholly prevented, by high customs duties and practically worthless money.

The failure of the "nationalized" industries to turn out goods in sufficient quantities is due partly to lack of raw materials and partly to unprofitable operation. The Soviet Government decided last spring to close all the textile manfactories during the summer months, for the reason that there was not enough cotton, wool, and hemp to keep them supplied throughout the year, and it was thought best to operate them only in the fall and winter, when the need would be greatest. Iron and coal are almost equally scarce, and that has led to the closing of many mills and steel works. According to "Economicheskii Zhizn" (May 31, 1923), the industrial productivity of the country decreased, in the first quarter of the present year, by at least thirty per cent. On the 1st of January, 1923, the number of factories in operation, large and small, was 9,858. Before the middle of the second quarter it had fallen to 5,438. But scarcity of raw materials is only one of the reasons for this decline in industrial productivity. "Nationalized" manfactories could not earn a profit even when they had raw materials enough to last them throughout the year. The well-known Triangle Manufacturing Company of Petrograd, for example, earned in its last fiscal year a net profit of four trillion

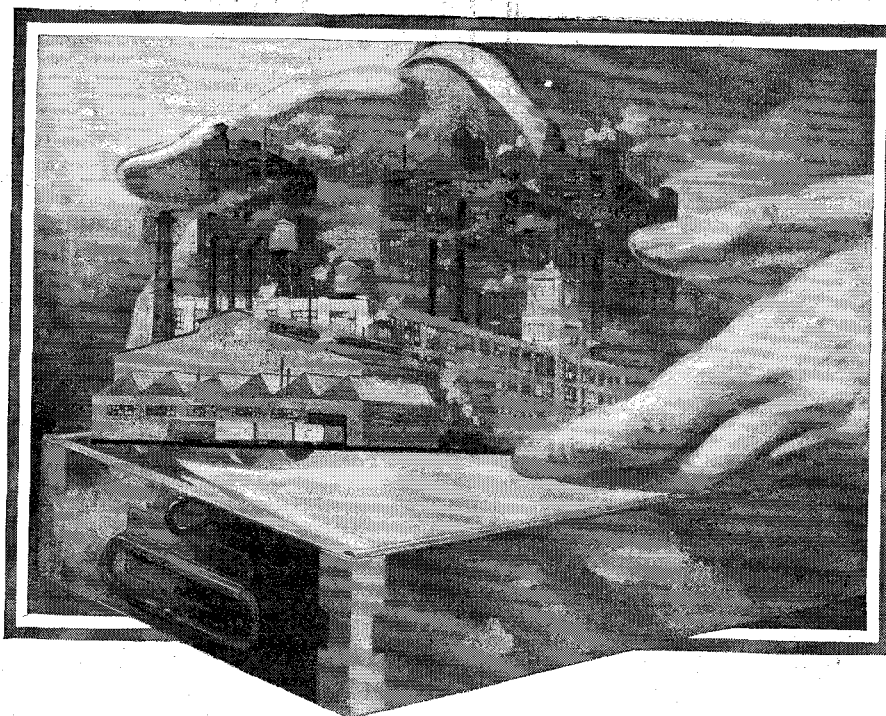
Soviet rubles; but owing to the great and rapid depreciation of the paper currency it really lost, in terms of gold, about 750,000 rubles. Of course it could not stand such a loss as this, and it consequently shut down, as did also many other industrial enterprises whose annual balance sheets showed similar results. (Moscow "Pravda," May 22, 1923.)

It thus appears that even the New Economic Policy ("NEP"), which the Soviet Government has been forced to adopt, has failed to stem the tide of disorganization and failure.

Private trade, which is now permitted, is almost equally unprofitable, on account of burdensome taxes, inadequate transportation, and the decreasing ability of the peasants to make purchases. In the latter part of 1922, for example, merchants of the first grade in Moscow took out licenses to the number of 5,355. This year they have called for only 1,044. During the same period licenses of second-grade traders decreased from 14,000 to 8,000 ("Economicheski Zhizn," April 14, 1923).

Although peasants in the villages are better off in some respects than industrial workers in the cities, they too suffer from causes beyond their control, in the shape of worn-out implements, scarcity of farm animals, and lack of manure. The acreage sown in 1923 is less than in 1922, and the harvest this year will be "below the average" (Moscow "Pravda," May 24, 1923). The Soviet Government still pretends that it will have surplus grain for export, but it will be fortunate if it escapes a famine in the twenty-eight provinces where the condition of the crops is officially reported as "poor." The professional agronom, Gurov, does not hesitate to say in the Moscow "Pravda" (May 24, 1923) that "the great mass of the Russian peasantry have been changed from producers to consumers."

In the light of the above facts, all of which have been taken from recent Soviet newspapers, would it not be well if some of our Congressmen, who have been described by "Barron's Weekly" as "wandering windbags," would stay at home, employ a competent translator, and spend a few hours occasionally in study of the Russian press? They would learn more than they are ever likely to learn under Soviet guidance in Petrograd and Moscow, and would also be saved from such grotesque errors as the supposition that the revolution of 1917 was brought on by the Bolsheviki, and that the Russian co-operative societies were created by the Soviet Government. Even such an acquaintance with Russian newspapers as a translator could give them would show them that the leading Bolsheviki were not in Russia when the revolution took



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT (Continued)

place, that they did not usurp authority until long afterward, and that the co-operative societies were nearly de-

stroyed by the Soviet Government, after they had been in existence more than thirty years.

WHAT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE THINKS OF BUSINESS PROSPECTS

BY DIXON MERRITT

BETTER times lie just ahead! Such, in effect, is the cheering word from the inner citadel of the business interests of America, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

"An early definite improvement over the present general pause in manufacturing activity throughout the country is forecast by Archer Wall Douglas, Chairman of the Committee on Statistics and Standards," reads the Chamber's announcement. Whatever slowing up may have occurred is attributed by Mr. Douglas to three causes, as follows:

First, the usual seasonal slackening which always accompanies the summer season and the waiting upon the returns of harvest.

Second, the satisfying of a demand to fill up partly empty shelves and to replenish broken assortments.

Third, a widespread feeling of conservatism that marks buying at present in all its phases.

Mr. Douglas's forecast relates definitely to manufacturing. And as prosperity for the manufacturer means prosperity for the rest of us, the farmer alone excluded, the effect of such a stimulus will be felt throughout the entire fabric of our commercial life.

Leaving agriculture out of consideration for a moment, what are the conditions in business, commerce, and finance to-day?

Certainly there is no let-up in the flood of products which the railways are hauling in unprecedented volume. We read of million-car weeks succeeding each other with such regularity that they have now become the rule, rather than the rare exception. As this is written, the high record, constantly changing, stands at nearly 1,100,000 carloads within a single week. And to such fine purpose have the carriers labored that this huge movement is handled without car shortage, indeed with an actual surplus.

We learn from the Federal Reserve Board of general prosperity in the banking circles of the country, with money comparatively easy—except in a few districts here and there—and in lavish abundance.

We learn of new autumn records for volume succeeding each other in the realm of automobile manufacturing;

of a road-building programme whose cost for the current fiscal year approximates a round billion dollars; of a reviving building construction programme (at no time within two years so stagnant that a good mechanic couldn't earn at least \$10 a day) which impels the National Lumber Manufacturers Association to remark that—

An extraordinary revival of lumber trade activity for last week is shown by telegraphic reports received to-day (September 20) from 400 of the larger commercial sawmills of the country. . . . Last week's new business is the largest since the first week of February. . . . The unfilled order file of 134 Southern pine mills and 133 West Coast mills advanced from 582,000,000 feet of the preceding week to 627,000,000 feet.

From the Department of Labor comes word of the usual labor shortage in skilled trades. From the iron and steel centers one hears of increasing output, already high. From the coal trade one hears of 10,000,000 ton and better production weeks.

This is no period of hard times. Seasonal let-ups there have been here and there, but the country's workers, or all of them who will to work, are busy at better than war-time wages.

The forecast for better times is welcomed, but to the man in the street it sounds somewhat like announcement that hereafter lilies will be painted white.

One must turn to the stock market and the great agricultural sections to find real symptoms of a pause in prosperity's march through the country.

To the former scant sympathy is due. The stock market to-day is largely a creature of professional traders. The public has definitely withdrawn. And few are the tears when trader hurts trader.

But from the West comes word to the White House via Senator Borah, himself of the West, that the farmers are in a bad way and most needful of guidance to better times. Plethora of production seems to be their main ailment. To use Secretary Wallace's apt simile, "The farmer is smothered in his own sweetness."

Crops are represented as failing to bring the cost of production. Markets are reported to be sluggish and weak. Freight rates, for the past few years a bitter thorn in agricultural flesh, are

held by the rank and file of the rural communities to be unreasonably high.

The situation is a complex and unhappy one. President Coolidge is engaged, as this is written, in devoting his best thought to possible remedies. He does well to invite and digest the counsel of those most thoroughly acquainted with the farmer's woes. In due time, it is assumed, he will propose a programme designed to aid this sick man of our country.

Even so, not all the farmers are financially on the rocks. Witness the cotton farmers of the South. Upward has blazed the star of cotton through the price firmament until to-day it has shot to the thirty-cent ascendancy. Forty-five dollars a bale has been added to the value of the South's cotton crop since the rise began, and the demand, apparently, increases. Surely this is not an ungenerous price, even though the crop fall short of its full possibilities.

The agricultural situation is a mixed one, and it is doubtful if legislation now would afford more than the mildest of palliatives.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Please send me your opinion of American Linseed stock, preferred and common.

A. American Linseed Company is controlled by Standard Oil interests. The initial dividend on the preferred stock was $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, June 15, 1899; nothing was paid from 1901 to 1916; 3 per cent in 1917; 7 per cent in 1918, 1919, and 1920; $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent in 1921; and none since July of that year. The initial dividend on the common was paid in 1919— $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent; 3 per cent was paid in 1920; but nothing since March 15, 1921, when $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent was paid.

Q. What do you think of preferred and common stock of the Brooklyn Edison Company?

A. This company has a funded debt of about \$31,000,000. It has \$50,000,000 of capital stock authorized, with a little over \$28,000,000 outstanding. The first dividend on the stock was $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in 1900, and since 1904 it has paid 8 per cent annually. Equities for this stock now amount to about \$125 a share. The surplus, after dividends, for 1922 was nearly \$3,000,000, and the company is in strong financial condition.

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BY THE WAY

KANSAS and Arkansas are names that really ought to have very different pronunciations, even if they are somewhat similar in appearance when printed. But sometimes stenographers get them mixed. This must have happened in the paragraph on "Causes and Remedies" in The Outlook of September 26, page 128, when Little Rock, Arkansas, was printed "Little Rock, Kansas." "I would not subtract from the number of Kansas' distinguished sons," a subscriber writes, "but we must claim Mr. G. B. Rose for Arkansas. He is the son of the late G. M. Rose, Arkansas' most distinguished jurist, one-time President of the American Bar Association, whose bust is in the Hall of Fame in the Capitol at Washington. The son is a member of the law firm of Rose, Hemingway, Cantrell, and Loughborough, of Little Rock, probably the oldest and best-known law firm in the State. Mr. Rose is also a traveler and an author."

From "Life:"

A colored man went to cash a check at a bank operated by members of his own race.

"Man," said the cashier, "you ain't got no money in dis yere bank."

"Yes, Ah is," insisted the other. "Ah put ten dollahs in yere six months ago."

"Six months ago!" echoed the cashier, pityingly. "Laws, cullud man, don't you know de int'rest done et dat up long ago!"

From the London "Daily Chronicle:"

Beside the lake the children stood

To hear the fine old angler harp on

His fishing feats; and well he could

Describe his battle with the tarpon,

A mighty fish that for an hour

Had kept him wading, sprawling,

running,

Until his greater craft and power

Availed against the monster's cunning.

They listened first with awed respect

To his rhetorical narration,

But presently he could detect

A cooling off in admiration.

He paused. A boy his bottle held

With three distracted fishes in it.

"An hour to catch a fish?" he yelled;

"I copped them tiddlers in a minute!"

"There were times when things irritated him and his associates learned to leave him alone." So says a contributor to the "American Printer" in telling about the proprietor of a great Buffalo printing plant and the surprise he gave to a tramp visitor. "During one of these moods," the story goes on, "Mr. Matthews was walking through his office and he overlooked a step down that had to be made when walking from one part of the office to another. As a conse-

quence the unexpected step down jarred him so unpleasantly that he was on the point of exploding. At this moment, of all others, a tramp printer wandered in and walking up to Mr. Matthews began a hard-luck story such as only one of his kind could originate and work off in blithe innocence. The visitor did not know that he was walking into a storm. After glaring at the tramp as if deciding whether to throw him out of the window or not, the boss suddenly put his hand in his pocket and pulling out a ten-dollar bill thrust it upon the bewildered tramp and yelled, 'Now get out of here and get out quick.' The visitor 'got'."

A poor memory for faces is a sad handicap for a public man, but some famous characters have had the failing. Here is an instance from Mr. Harry Greenwall's book, "Scoops:"

Lord Derby had been the English Ambassador to France. After his retirement he attended a reception in Paris where M. Deschanel, who had been President of France while Lord Derby was Ambassador, was present. M. Deschanel walked up to the Englishman, clapped him on the back and said, "*Ah, mon cher Derby, comment ça va?*" Lord Derby shook hands and said, "How do you do?" M. Deschanel continued his animated remarks, when the ex-Ambassador cut in, saying—"I beg your pardon, what did you say your name was?" Some one thereupon explained to Lord Derby that he was speaking to the man who was President of the French Republic during his term as Ambassador!

Joseph Jefferson once told on himself a story similar to the above. He had played in Washington before a distinguished audience. In New York City, a few days later, a man accosted him in an elevator in a hotel, expressing pleasure at seeing him again. Mr. Jefferson deprecatingly acknowledged that he failed to remember his interlocutor's name—would he kindly refresh his memory? "U. S. Grant," was the simple but crushing reply.

From "Tit-Bits:"

A woman ran out of a house shouting "Fire!" A passer-by started on a run for the fire-station, while another dashed into the hall and, being unable to see or smell smoke, turned to the excited woman and asked, "Where is the fire?" "I-I didn't mean fire! I-I meant murder!" A policeman arrived at that moment and demanded to know who was being murdered. "Oh, I didn't really mean murder," wailed the hysterical woman, "but the biggest rat you ever set eyes on chased our cat across the kitchen just now!"



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